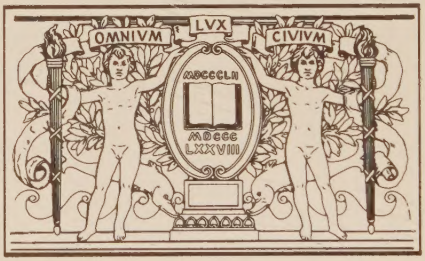
AMONG FRIENDS



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BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

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AMONG FRIENDS

IT is not so much what is said, as the person who says it, that makes an impression. One whom we distrust makes a remark, and it is at once invested with a sinister meaning. We are sure there is harm in it. Another person utters the same sentiment, and it is accepted as the suggestion of ripe wisdom.

Thus we are shocked at the inquiry of a certain New York politician whose reputation was not that of an idealist: "What 's the Constitution among friends?" We scent treason. The civic conscience is aroused and bristles with fine moral indignation. We would have this gentleman and his friends know that we set great store by the Constitution. This venerable document is not to be treated lightly by persons who are no better than they should be. It is to be interpreted by the Supreme Court, and is not to be meddled with by political tricksters.

But we turn to the seventeenth century and

dip into Selden's "Table-Talk." Selden is good company. He is the friend of Hampden and Pym and Sir John Eliot and all the leaders in the movement for constitutional freedom. He is a profound jurist and a pleasant companion, and the men most worth knowing meet at his table, where they informally discuss the great affairs of state. One day the question arises as to the place of the House of Commons in the scheme of government. Appeal is made to certain acts of Parliament as if they settled the question once for all. To this Selden replies: "The House of Commons is called the Lower House in twenty acts of Parliament; but what are twenty acts of Parliament among friends?"

At once we answer: what indeed! Acts of Parliament are very well in their way, but we want to get at something more fundamental. An act of Parliament is what these gentlemen and their friends see fit to proclaim to the world. But now that we are privileged to enter the inner circle, we should like to know what they really think. Since they took formal action it is possible that they may have changed their minds.

We are among men who are dealing freely

with matters which to the commonalty are invested in mystery. These law-makers are too sensible to bow down and worship the work of their own hands. They are rather inclined to tinker with their political contrivances, to see if they may not be made to work better. There is more than one way of doing a good thing, and they are ready for experiments. In such company great affairs take on a homely aspect. We begin to see that Parliament is made up of folks. These folks have all the ordinary aptitudes for making mistakes. They are subject to prejudice, and they are often compelled to act, as do the rest of us, from imperfect knowledge. Their pompous language at first imposes upon us and obscures the plain meaning. But when we get used to it we see that it is only a mannerism. These honest gentlemen are trying to do their duty, though often with considerable bungling.

All this is taken for granted among friends. Freed from any hampering assumptions of impeccability or infallibility they can cheerfully discuss not only what they have done but also what they have tried to do. They are not ashamed to talk about their failures as well as about their

successes. It is all a part of their common experience.

This free movement of the mind among its own works, with its frank criticism of its incidental shortcomings, is one of the pleasures of really good society. We are delighted when we fall in with people who are doing things and who are kind enough to take us into their confidence and chat with us while they work. When we catch them in the very act, they are so much more interesting than anything which they actually accomplish. There are a hundred little self-revelations that would never have a place in a dignified history.

Yet curiously enough there is nothing which the ordinary mortal is so ashamed of as being surprised in the midst of unfinished work. The good woman shelling peas on the back porch makes a pleasant picture. She is looking her best, if she only knew it. But when a caller from outside her own circle appears, she bustles about, removes her gingham apron, the badge of her interesting domestic avocations, and receives her guest in the characterless best room.

Only among her friends will she continue to

shell peas while she gossips about the things she really cares for. And if they are very good friends she will allow them to take a hand in the morning's work.

In like manner the men who are carrying on great undertakings are usually sensitive about being caught in their working clothes. They "make company" of the public and exhibit only their completed work. Of course that is not what any one wants to see. The political orator will point with pride to what his party has accomplished in the past, while he maintains a decent reserve as to its attitude in regard to the burning questions of the day. This is safe, for dead issues tell no tales, but it is not interesting. Spent deeds and accomplished facts may be arranged neatly for exhibition. But our curiosity is aroused in regard to half-formed purposes, vague aspirations, and unsuccessful attempts. We want to know, not so much what a man has done as what he is trying to do.

One of the simplest of rural delights is that of burning brush. The odds and ends of the clearing are thrown together higgledy-piggledy, till one has satisfied the primæval desire for chaos. Then,

when the match is lighted, the fire dances like mad through the dry boughs. There is no suggestion of order in the long, uneven tongues of flame. It is only when, in the still air, the fire has burned itself out, that we see any symmetrical arrangement. There is then a circle of ashes surrounded by a circumference of the charred ends of sticks. Each poor survivor points decorously to the centre as if to say, "There was a hot time awhile ago, and things looked rather mixed. But discipline reasserts itself, and here we are, all that are left of us, standing decently and in order."

How perfectly simple old controversies always seem! All the confusing elements were burned up. When we read about them the only wonder is that anybody could have been confused. Yet at the time everybody was taking sides vigorously, and no two persons could agree as to what it was all about. Personal likes and dislikes, prejudices and frailties, religious affections and affections that were not so religious, were all mixed up together.

When we are dealing with human nature at first hand this complexity always appears. Persons who have a love of system which is stronger than

the passion for reality have a way of putting an orderly arrangement of hard facts in place of vital processes. They look upon the deed as more important than the doer, the thought than the thinker.

This is the molluscous point of view. The mollusk differs from the vertebrate in that he wears his bones on the outside. To him this appears to be the only safe and sane fashion. Presenting an ossified surface to the world, he feels that he is adequately protected from his natural enemies. There is a certain advantage in this, but it has its drawbacks. While his hard exterior prevents the world from getting at him, it also prevents him from getting at the world. A bivalve loses many of those reactions with his environment which are so necessary to the educational process. Therefore bivalves never evolve a civilization.

Institutions, laws, systems, customs, creeds, conventions, are the bony structure of social life. Without them we were jelly-fish indeed, and the prey of every passing circumstance. But the question is whether they shall be considered from the molluscous or from the vertebrate point of

view. Shall they serve as a backbone or as a shell?

It is too late now to lament the invention of the alphabet. It has come and come to stay. But we may confess that the great Illiterates to whom we owe what is fundamental in our laws, our religion, and our poetry, had the advantage of us when it came to getting at the human element in truth. There were no books, but only men thinking; no written creeds, but only men believing; no biographical dictionaries, but only tribal heroes who were remembered. There being no artificial way of preserving thoughts, they had to use them fresh. Indeed a thought was real to them only while they were thinking it. When they got through with that they had to think of another. They had to make much use of meditation and conversation. In those days the intellectual working classes were not confronted with the idle rich, who live on the unearned increment of the general advance in knowledge and with whom it is "easy come, easy go." People who had to do their own thinking knew what every thought cost.

We who get our ideas through books and

lectures rather than through the free conversational method, are likely to fall victims to the formality of our instructors. There is a certain finality in a treatise that imposes on us. It is a one-sided performance. The party of the first part has an advantage over the party of the second part and uses it mercilessly. There is a monopoly which results in a restraint of the trade of thinking. The monopolist pushes his own idea, and crowds out all competitors.

We even get the conception of a thought as a commodity that can be passed from one person to another without losing its value. A publisher working on this assumption advertises a "Dictionary of Thoughts." He asks, "Have you not sometimes felt the need of a thought on some subject?" Of course we have, and are at once interested. In answer to this felt need he has compiled his dictionary, which contains thirty thousand thoughts of sixteen hundred of the world's greatest thinkers. "When you want a thought look for it just as you would for a word in the dictionary."

At a time when the cost of living is increasing by leaps and bounds, it is encouraging to find

that the cost of thinking is so reasonable. One can get thirty thousand thoughts for $2.98.

As a thought is conceived of as something that can be stored away in a book, so reverence for the Law sometimes takes the form of reverence for certain printed words beginning with the awe-inspiring formula, "Be it enacted." That the law should be enforced seems unnecessary; its proper place is on the statute-book, where it is respected as a counsel of perfection. So attempts to make the conduct of the citizens conform to the law or the law conform to the ordinary conduct of the citizen are resisted with the same earnestness. We may see whole communities so encrusted with statutory virtue that it is impossible to know what they are really like.

Religion is liable to the same incrustation, as you may learn if you attempt to read almost any formal church history. You begin with pleasant anticipations. You think you are to have the story of the Christians and learn what they have been doing during these many centuries to realize the beatitudes and put the Golden Rule on a business basis. You will have a succession of personal narratives like the Acts of the Apostles. But after

the first century it is evident that the author loses the thread of the narrative. There is a great deal about Councils and Heresies and Schisms and Creeds and Decretals and Liturgies and Reformations and Counter-reformations. But what has become of the Christians?

Even Philosophy, which is a brave attempt to winnow the wheat from the chaff, and to rescue the essential from the non-essential, is liable to be encased in a formalism of its own. It is in its main intent a rebellion against the tyranny of the external. Its characteristic expression is in what Lord Bacon called "sober satire; or the insides of things." To one who is curious about the insides of things there is something ludicrous in the assumption of the matter-of-fact man that he knows it all, and that realities are the same as appearances. "What is a matter of fact?" asks the philosopher; "pray show me one." But the philosopher, being human, is as likely as the rest of us to fall a victim to the ambition to make a fair show in the world. Having exposed the matter-of-fact world, he proceeds to construct a world out of matter-of-theory. He has the same feeling toward his doctrines that the tradesman

has toward his goods which he is arranging attractively in the show-window.

This interest in the arrangement of his ideas becomes more important to him as his surprise over their novelty grows less. That happens in the grave philosophical world which happens in the hen-yard to the distress of the manager. A fowl of excellent breed will go on cheerfully laying an egg a day and calling upon her friends to rejoice over each achievement. Then suddenly she becomes irritably self-conscious and anti-social. She is on the defensive and insists on sitting on the one china egg rather than any longer contributing to the common store.

So the philosophic mind is liable to become "broody." It is then no longer content to produce fresh thoughts. It must hatch out a complete system of its own. The philosopher in this mood is irritable beyond the wont of ordinary mortals. When another philosopher approaches he flies at him, for he suspects that he has come to destroy his metaphysical nest-eggs.

A glance at a philosophical library will show how many huge volumes have been the result of this mood. A philosopher is at his best when

he is thinking a new thought, he is at his worst when he is defending his old thoughts against all comers. This is a sore trial to his temper and does not really improve his intellect. Now and then we find one who keeps on thinking, without caring very much what becomes of his thoughts. He knows that there are more where they come from. Then you have a Plato whose philosophy takes the form, not of a system, but of a conversation among friends.

The beauty of a conversation is that the other side always has a chance. There is no finality as the friendly speech goes on in a series of polite half-contradictions. "What you were saying just now was very interesting and was quite true in its way. It reminds me of an experience which I once had which shows that the subject may be looked at in a different way."

The natural man, or rather the natural boy, puts these contradictions more bluntly. Huckleberry Finn and his compeers begin the conversation with "You lie!" which leads to the clever repartee "You're another!"; after which they feel acquainted.

As we grow more maturely civilized, these

sharp antagonisms are softened until they become merely a pleasing variety; or, in Milton's phrase, "brotherly dissimilitudes not vastly disproportionable." In order to have a conversation with you, it is not necessary for me to assume that the truth is not in you, but only that you have approached the truth from a somewhat different angle. You had overstated one side in order that I might make the needed correction.

Two Infallibilities, each speaking *ex cathedra*, could not converse; they could only fulminate. After the first round they would relapse into sullen silence. When we start out with the easy assurance of mutual fallibility, we can go on indefinitely setting each other right. Thinking comes to be a coöperative industry in which we share the profits. We not only reason, but we reason together.

In free conversation the truth slips out that would be carefully concealed in a formal document. We perceive not only what was done but the "moving why they did it."

King James the First was one of the most voluminous of royal writers, and in the huge folio volume that contains his complete works

you may see so much of the working of his mind as he chose to exhibit to the public. He wrote with the intent to prove that the mind of a King by Divine Right moved always in a lofty orbit of its own. But in the report of a little conversation one sees how it actually did work. Selden had written a monumental work giving many reasons in support of His Majesty's claims over the surrounding seas. It was a labored vindication of one of the King's favorite doctrines. But when it was presented to him, he withheld his approval, and would not allow its publication. "I have borrowed money," said His Majesty, "of my brother of Norway, and I intend to borrow more."

This is not the kind of reason that would be presented in a dignified state paper, but it is one which every canny Scot in the King's dominions could understand. After all, the mind of a King by Divine Right worked in a way that was quite comprehensible.

What is lost in dignity is gained in reality. Among friends there is no talking down or talking against, no undue moralizing or sentimentalizing. Apologies are not in order where people know each other and make allowances for mutual

imperfections. Each working group is held together by tacit understandings which are the result of much talking together while they work. Beneath all superficial differences there is a solidarity of sentiment that is taken for granted.

But between men of different groups there are direful misunderstandings. When once the idea of hostility is implanted every deed is interpreted at its worst. It stands out in stark iniquity, without any kindly voice to plead for it. "An enemy hath done this!" That is enough. Age-long feuds between classes and parties and nations have been the results.

One of the most cheering signs of the times is in the increased use of the conversational method in the settlement of such disputes. The idea is that men of different groups should come together and converse freely on the matters that concern them. Their deliberate aim should be to understand one another. After they have succeeded in that, they may resume their hatred if they can. The chances are that they will form a larger group, and a new group-consciousness will grow up. In such free conferences old antagonisms born of fear die away and are forgotten.

Our own ideas are clarified when we make friends with persons of a different way of thinking. "Every man seemeth right in his own eyes; but his neighbor cometh and trieth him."

If you, dear reader, are a hard-headed business man, you have many ideas that seem right in your own eyes. When you were a boy you were taught the fundamental virtues of thrift, industry, and honesty. You have made your own way in the world by hard work. You are no dreamer, yet you are a great believer. You believe in Progress and Prosperity and Success. You are also a believer in Democracy, by which you mean the right of any one else to strive for the things you strove for and get them if he can. You would tolerate no artificial barriers in the way of Progress.

Just what Progress is, is a speculative question which you do not care to discuss. You are a practical man, and it is sufficient for you to know that any one who stands in the way of Progress will be run over. And it will serve him right. The direction of Progress is determined, not by our moral preferences (which are all right in their way), but by Natural Law. Find out what Natu-

ral Law is about to make everybody do, and then do it before they know what it is. That is Success. Success consists, not in doing what you want to do and doing it well; it is doing what you have to do and being quick about it. It is to "get there." Where "there" is, is another matter that does n't much concern a practical man. A newspaper poet wrote of his hero, —

> He came from where he started
> On the way to where he went.

He was successful if he got to where he went before other people arrived. Then he could preëmpt the territory, and wait for Prosperity. We should all believe in Prosperity, even if it takes our last cent.

As for the Future, it is very bright if only enough people will continue to sacrifice themselves to Prosperity, and not interfere with Natural Law. If we can keep irresponsible agitators from tinkering with the Tariff and other Business Interests, Natural Law will eliminate the unfit and Progress will go on. We will make many more things that we do not want, and sell them at a profit to people whom we can persuade to buy

them whether they want them or not. In this way we shall advance Civilization.

But if the people keep all the time interfering with Natural Law and telling the Business Interests what they ought not to do, they will fall into Socialism, — and then what will become of them?

When you put these thoughts into an after-dinner speech at the Mercantile Club, they were received with much applause.

Or it may be, dear reader, that you are not a hard-headed business man, but a hard-headed reformer. You have done a good deal of reading and not a little thinking on these lines, and have come to some definite conclusions. You have a Programme, which you expect to see fulfilled to the letter. Like our friend the business man, you are a great believer in Natural Law, but you see into it a little further than he does. Natural Law is about to spring a great surprise on him and his kind. By a few simple processes, which you explain at length, it has built up that sum of all villainies, the Existing Order. Some well-meaning persons are wasting their time in trying to patch up the Existing Order, and to remove

some of its worst evils. But they disquiet themselves in vain. Like the "One-Hoss Shay" it is built in such a logical way that it will go to pieces all at once. Just wait and see. The plan is for Natural Law forcibly to feed Capitalism, as if it were a Strasburg goose. When it has become incredibly fat, it is to be killed and carved for the benefit of the hungry Proletariat. This will happen if the meddling bourgeois philanthropists don't interfere with Natural Law, so that by that time there won't be any hungry proletariat.

After the Big Business is "taken over," we will proceed to take over the little businesses, and after that we will arrange the matter of the Family. There is still some difference of opinion on this point. However, the Family is either a kind of Property or it is dependent on Property, and it will probably have to go. To be sure, in the Existing Order there are some families that have n't any property to speak of and are held together by a sentimental bond. You confess that this is a rather difficult part of the programme, and you will not commit yourself to a final opinion till you look it up in a book. But of one

thing you are sure, and that is that the final arrangement will be the one that is most logical and which carries out in most complete detail the programme of your party.

You put these thoughts into a fiery speech which the members of your party approved.

Now it would be very easy to take the remarks of you two gentlemen seriously, and see two great opposing principles which are bound to come into collision. On the one side there is a hard unyielding commercialism anxious to perpetuate itself, and on the other a radical reconstruction of society on definite plans and with specifications that are well understood. We must all take sides and choose once for all between this and that.

But before we get unduly excited let us take into consideration the fact that the direction of social progress is everybody's business, and we cannot tell what will be done till everybody has been consulted. It takes more than one thoroughgoing Socialist to make a revolution, and it takes more than one hard-headed business man to prevent it. If there is to be a revolution we are to be the revolutionists, — not some of us, but all of us.

It will not be the effortless advance of disembodied ideas, but changes in the feeling, thinking, and acting of multitudes of living men and women. There must be a working majority in favor of each change.

This being the case, the opinion of any individual, or even any one class, as to the exact way in which everybody's business is to be done, while interesting, is not so exciting as it seems at first. When a bill comes out of committee, it often looks so different that the original proposer does not recognize it as his own. All proposals for the betterment of mankind have to be submitted to the judgment of mankind. In this way they receive many amendments.

Even if Socialism were adopted by the people of the United States, it would only be that kind of Socialism which the people of the United States approved, and which fitted in with their political, social, and religious habits. It would be very different from the logical system which one of our friends insists upon, and from the Red Peril which the other fears. The logicians might try their hands in running the complicated business according to their cut-and-dried system.

Our business friend says the country under their management would soon go into the hands of a receiver. In that case the hard-headed business man, with his equally able friends, would be appointed receivers, with instructions to administer the concern in the interest of all the stockholders. And the chances are that they would accept the job, and there is no reason why they should not make a success of it.

When we come together in sufficiently large numbers, and with a sufficiently generous spirit, party labels and grandiose programmes of action lose their significance. They only indicate what some of us would like to do, they do not indicate what all of us will do.

When the New Boy, with a will of his own, enters the playground, he states with great precision his views as to what should be done. He makes his demands in a tone that satisfies his sense of public duty. But the little body politic is not greatly disturbed. The other boys inquire, "Will you have it now or will you wait till you can get it?" After a trial of strength the New Boy decides that he will wait a while. After a time he comes to the conclusion that before he

can accomplish much he must establish friendly relations. Perhaps he is not the only one to be consulted, and he might as well inquire as to what the other fellows want to do. When he reaches this point he has learned what it means to be a member of Society.

After all, what are Civilizations, and the Rights of Man, and the Progress of the Species, and Philosophy and Political Economy, and Socialism and Individualism, and Representative Government, and all the other great subjects, among friends? They are only the provisional answers to the questions which we ask when we begin to make ourselves at home in the world: How are all the folks? How are they getting on with their work, and how do they make both ends meet? What are the young people thinking about, and what new notions have they got into their heads? On the whole, how do you think they are coming out?

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SCHOOL OF POLITE UNLEARNING

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IN the exuberant hospitality of America, if a person wants anything he has only to ask for it. Whether he gets it, is another matter; he will at least get something with the same name.

In London, if one in his secret heart longs for something, he has only to leave the main thoroughfares and get lost. He finds himself in a maze of narrow streets where shopkeepers make a living by selling unheard-of things to people who have wandered in by accident. These shopkeepers never advertise. Their disposition is secretive, and they trust to the method of ambush. A person is walking along with only a vague impulse to find his way out without demeaning himself by asking advice of a policeman. He finds himself in front of a shop devoted to traffic in snails from Astrakhan. It is the sole emporium for these articles. If the wayfarer be of an inquiring mind, the unexpected supply wakens a demand,

at least the demand for further knowledge. Who is there in all London who would be likely to support such a shop, or even know that it is here? The dingy sign appeals not to his conscious aims but to a dim sub-conscious longing for he knows not what. It seems a very strange coincidence that he of all persons in the world should have come upon the only place in London where these articles are for sale. The chances are that if he be an American he will pluck up courage and venture in and ask the proprietor, "How's the snail-trade to-day?" The shopkeeper receives him without surprise. He knows that, according to the doctrine of probabilities, somebody is bound to turn up in his shop, sometime.

To my mind this is the very romance of trade. Had I a moderate but assured income, as I trust all these London shopkeepers have, I should follow their example. I have no ambition to be a great "captain of industry," and have the magazine writers tell the truth about me. I should prefer to be one of these merchant adventurers in a small way. Hiding my shop from the unsympathetic public "as if the wren taught me concealment," I should bide my time. Let the

huge department stores cater to the obvious wants of the crowd. Some day my customer will drift in. He will find that my shop satisfies an inner, and hitherto unfelt, want. He will inadvertently buy something. Then he will drift off to the Antipodes, and ever after boast of his bargain. When he compares notes with other travelers, he will take down his treasure and ask, "When you were in London did you happen upon a queer little shop, the only place where they sell this sort of thing?" And when they, in shamefaced fashion, confess their failure to have discovered me, they will fall in his esteem.

I claim no merit for having one day wandered from the plain path of High Holborn into an obscure street where I accidentally stumbled upon what was to me the most interesting place in London. I am aware that, if I had not stumbled accidentally upon it, it would not have seemed so interesting to me. It was not, as it happened this time, a shop, but an educational institution. The sign above the door must have been recently painted, but the London smoke had already given it an air of grimy respectability. I read with

pleasure the legend, "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning."

I was gratified over my discovery. Institutions of learning we have at home — and some very good ones too; but I realize that, in the nature of things, somewhere in London there must be an institution for the benefit of persons who are desirous, not so much of learning, as of being assisted to unlearn a number of things that are not good for them. And here it was. Like so many things in London, the moment I saw it, I felt that I had always seen it.

A few moments later I was in familiar converse with the Principal of the school, who gave me the history of the institution from its inception. He was a quiet, unassuming man, thoroughly devoted to his idea. In this age of educational fads it was a pleasure to find some one who adhered to very simple methods. "We do not believe," he said, "in what is called enriching the curriculum. When there have accumulated such vast stores of misinformation, we do not think it wise to burden our pupils' minds by trying to get them to unlearn everything. Such smattering has little educational value. We limit ourselves

to seeing that a few things which make the people of one country obnoxious to the people of another shall be thoroughly unlearned. When we consider what soil and climate have done in developing our own splendid type of manhood, it is natural that we should think highly of our own national environment, but it is unfortunate that we should usually think so poorly of those whose environment has been different. Each nation 'holds a thought' of its neighbors, and these thoughts are seldom altogether flattering. This is evidently a case for the application of mind cure.

"Even with nations so akin to each other as the British and the American, the thoughts that are held are not always pleasing, especially when they sometimes forget their company manners. The adjective 'American' is not usually found in conjunction with those heavenly twins, 'Sweetness and Light.' Indeed, the suggestion is quite the opposite. Only when used in connection with dentists does it imply undoubted excellence. In the United States the word British is not used as a term of endearment.

"A good while ago Emerson declared that the English had good-will toward America, but in

their ordinary conversation they forgot their philosophy and remembered their disparaging anecdotes. Of course the difficulty lies partly in the nature of an anecdote. Those we tell about our best friends usually convey to a stranger the impression that they are half-witted. It would be possible to collect a vast number of anecdotes illustrative of the fact that most people will, under ordinary circumstances, act in a rational manner. The trouble with such anecdotes is that they are so hard to remember.

"One is led to inquire as to the best means to promote international good-will. One of the most obvious methods is through the encouragement of travel. Railways and steamships, by annihilating distance, may, it is said, annihilate the enmities between nations. The more opportunities people have of seeing one another, the better friends they will be. This theory is such a credit to human nature that at first I accepted it without a question.

"I looked at the growing passenger-lists of the transatlantic steamers and thought of the peaceful invasion of our American cousins. Here are missionaries of good-will. No collections! Every

man his own Missionary Board, paying his bills and diffusing the gospel of kindliness. Think of these fresh, enthusiastic missionaries who are continually seeing and being seen, appreciating and being appreciated. And think of the cordial feeling diffused through America by every English traveler who goes about viewing American institutions and candidly telling the people what he thinks of them. I had thought of suggesting that the Palace of Peace at the Hague should be surmounted by an heroic statue of the travel-compelling Cook.

"My enthusiasm for travel as a sufficient corrective of international misunderstandings was chilled by observations on its results.

"A friend who for many years had spent his summers in Switzerland remarked that the Germans are less popular than they were before their present era of prosperity. I asked the reason, and he answered, 'We see more of them now.' I have known Germans who insisted that a visit to England did not cure Anglophobia, any more than the application of water would cure Hydrophobia. It might even aggravate the symptoms. That going to see people may have different effects is

shown in our use of the words 'visit' and 'visitation.' Whether a visit shall seem like a visitation depends a good deal on the visitor.

"I greeted a Lancashire manufacturer on his return from the United States. 'How did you like it over there?' I asked. 'I did n't expect to like it,' he answered, 'and I did n't like it as well as I expected. It was brag! brag! all the time, and when I found that I was beginning to brag too, I thought it was time for me to come home.'

"He seemed grateful for his preservation as one who had providentially escaped the plague. A few months later, being in New York, I happened to mention his name to a gentleman to whom he had brought letters of introduction. It appeared that this gentleman had not recognized the admirable qualities which had made my Lancashire friend an ornament to his native city. He had, however, borne him no personal malice, but had set down all his less pleasing characteristics to his nationality. After narrating several incidents illustrative of the general quality of pig-headedness, he added charitably, 'But what could you expect of a Britisher?'

"Travel can hardly be relied upon as a sufficient salve for international irritations. There is sure to be a fly in this ointment. The fly, I take it, is apt to be imported. The trouble comes, not from something the traveler sees which he dislikes, but from some prepossession which makes him dislike what he sees. He sets out with certain preconceived ideas which he uses alternately as a club with which to belabor the foreigners on their native heath, and as blinders to prevent himself from seeing anything new. As a consequence, his little journey in the world does not add to the sum total of the amenities.

"An Englishman goes to New York with the settled conviction that it ought to be just like London. When he discovers that it is n't, trouble begins. He accumulates incontrovertible evidences of divergencies. It is too hot in summer and too cold in winter and too noisy all the time. The buildings are too high, and the lifts drop suddenly from under him, giving him a 'gone' feeling that he does n't like. Above all there is a distressing dearth of afternoon tea.

"With the best intentions in the world he points out these defects of a crude civilization.

He waxes didactic. These things, my brethren, ought not so to be.

"And his American brethren do not like it. It is not because they really care a fig about their sky-scrapers, with their necessary attendant evils. It is because they had wished to show him some things they were really proud of and which he in his misery refuses to see.

"The American in the old country makes himself obnoxious in the same way. He starts out with the assumption that London is and of right ought to be a bigger Seattle. It has had plenty of time, and if it is not up-to-date it argues a mental defect on the part of its citizens. He is disappointed in what he sees. The belated people still go about on omnibuses and seem to like it. The telephone service is beneath contempt, and the ordinary business man does only one thing at a time. This is all wrong, and with the zeal of a missionary he urges the native islanders to 'get busy.' He explains to them the defects in their education. On the slightest provocation he indulges in statistics of American bank clearances and grain shipments, and the increase in population since the last census. He is annoyed because

they refuse to be astonished at these things and reserve their surprise for his incidental revelations of the methods of municipal politics. He is thoroughly kind. He is careful to make them understand that he does not wish to offend against any of their inherited prejudices.

"That attitude which Lowell described as 'a certain condescension in foreigners' is not confined to any one nation. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world for the foreigner as foreigner. When a person leaves his home and becomes, for the time being, a foreigner, he is likely, unless he has had the benefit of a school like ours, to retain his home standards of judgment. He passes rather severe verdicts on what he sees, and imagines that he renders them agreeable by expressing them in the most conciliatory tones. Perhaps he even tries to keep his opinions to himself. He does n't say anything, but he does a lot of thinking. He would n't for the world have the people among whom he is moving know how inferior, in certain respects, he thinks them. Usually they are clever enough to find out for themselves.

"You see the same thing among dogs. You

take your little dog for a walk in a strange part of the town. Before starting on your travels you have admonished him, and he is on his good behavior. He trots along in the middle of the road, 'saying nothing to nobody.' To the obtuse human observation he is a model of propriety; but to the more acute canine sensibility there is something in the glint of his eye or the crook of his tail that is most offensive. The sudden altercations that seem to come like bolts out of the clear sky must have some reason. I am sure that the curs that leave the sweet security of their own dooryards to do battle do so because they have detected a certain condescension in this foreigner. Something in his bearing has emphasized the fact that he is not of their kind; and that he is mighty glad of it."

"Your remarks," I said, interrupting the Principal, "about the way people carry their homebred opinions about with them reminds me of a dear old lady I once knew in the Mississippi Valley. She went to London to attend the Queen's Jubilee. On her return we asked her to describe the pageant. It seemed that the Queen and all the imperial pomp made very little impression on

her mind, she had been so interested in herself. She told how, at considerable expense, she had secured a good seat.

"'Then I looked down and saw a ragged little boy. I called him to come up with me, and I wrapped him in an American flag which I always take with me. And there I sat all day, "The Genius of America protecting the British Poor."' It was a beautiful symbolic act, but I fear it may have been misinterpreted."

"I see you get the point," said the Principal. "Now we may come back to the School of Polite Unlearning. Its aim is to rid the foreigner in as short a time as possible of the preconceived notions of his own superiority. These notions if left unchecked would have prevented his getting any good of his travels, as well as making him more or less of a nuisance to the people among whom he happened to be. We intend to enlarge our institution gradually until we have branches in all the great capitals. We will teach Frenchmen that their ideas of Germany are all wrong, and eventually we may solve the Eastern question by convincing the Russians, Bulgarians, Macedonians, Servians, Turks, and others, that they do

not really know so much to each other's discredit as they have for centuries been led to suppose.

"At the present we are confining our attention to improving the relations between the British and the Americans. That two nations with a common language and literature should heartily like each other seems eminently desirable. Do we not belong to the same reading club? But what avail these literary communings so long as thousands of persons are annually let loose in the territories of each nation disseminating misunderstandings of the most irritating character?

"The customs regulations might do something. The United States has already adopted the policy of forbidding the importation on regular lines of steamships of certain ideas. On entering an American port the passenger is asked whether he has in his possession any anarchistic opinions. If he makes the declaration in due form, he is immediately deported. This has had an excellent effect in keeping out anarchists whose veracity is above the normal; though for those of the baser sort there is a great opportunity for smuggling.

"In like manner we might have the customs officers anticipate the newspaper reporters, and

ask each foreigner before landing what he thinks of the country. If he reveals a set of opinions that are not likely to be modified by further experience, he might be sent back at the expense of the steamship company. All this however is of purely academic interest. For the present, we must trust to voluntary action. If the visitor is wise he will welcome any aid in getting rid of the opinions which stand in the way of his pleasure and profit. Our school attempts to minister to this need. Here, for example, is a middle-aged Englishman who is contemplating a visit to America. He has a number of ideas in regard to what he calls 'the States,' and he is much attached to those ideas. He has not had occasion clearly to differentiate 'the States' from 'the colonies'; they are all alike a long way off. He thinks of the States as British colonies that got themselves detached a long time ago from the apron-strings of the mother country. Since then they have been going to the dogs more or less without knowing it. They have fallen into the hands of trusts and dissenters. They have taken to over-educating the lower classes and under-educating the upper classes, till you can't tell which is which. In their use of the

English language liberty has degenerated into license, as it always does where you have no leisure class that has time to speak correctly. Their pronunciation is utterly barbarous, and now they are endeavoring to conceal their offenses by getting us to spell the language as they pronounce it. They are always talking about the dollar, which is a very different thing from our silent respect for shillings and pence. Their children are intolerable, owing to their precocious imitation of the manners of their elders. While boastful of their liberty they are curiously submissive to tyranny, and if their newspapers are to be believed, they universally cower in the presence of a janitor. In their public conveyances they hang to straps and gasp for air in a manner pitiable to behold. All these tortures they endure with stoical fortitude, which they have learned through their long intercourse with the Red Indians.

"He is aware that in the States he will hear a deal of 'tall talk'; this he is prepared to discount. A very safe rule to observe is not to believe anything that sounds large.

"The American business men, he understands, have no interests whatever except in money-get-

ting. "They are prodigiously active, but their activity is providentially limited by dyspepsia and nervous prostration. He is inclined to attribute the physical break-down of the race to the universal consumption of Chicago tinned meats.

"On the whole, however, he has a friendly feeling toward the people of the States. They are doing as well as could be expected of such people, under the circumstances. They have already, in their immature civilization, produced some men whose names are household words — there was Artemus Ward and Fenimore Cooper and Mark Twain and Buffalo Bill. This proves that, after all, blood is thicker than water.

"He starts on his travels very much as the elder brother in the parable might have done had he thought to pay a visit to the prodigal in the far country. After all, the lad came of good stock, even though he did show poor judgment in going so far off. He had heard a good deal about his adventures, though he did n't believe half of it. It might be interesting to run over and see for himself whether the report about those husks had not been exaggerated.

"Now is it safe to allow such a person to go

about in a friendly country, unattended? 'One sinner destroyeth much good,' and one such traveler destroyeth much international good feeling. After three months he will have returned having every one of his opinions confirmed by a dozen instances. And he will have left behind him a score or more Americans confirmed in their opinion as to what a typical Britisher is like.

"How much better for him to enter our school before engaging his passage westward. Here, surrounded by all the comforts of home, he could begin the painful but necessary process of unlearning. Each day we would examine him and find out his fixed opinion and flatly contradict it. He would lose his temper, and become grumpy and sarcastic, and threaten to write to the newspaper. But this would hurt nobody's feelings, for all the teachers and attendants in the institution are immune.

"Our object is a simple one: to rid him of the opinion that there is one right way of doing things, and that all other ways are wrong. We want to teach him to be content to say simply that the other ways are different. When he has learned rather to like the differences, and to be interested

in finding out why they are as they are, we give him a diploma.

"A great deal of our time is spent over the bare rudiments. You may have noticed as you came in, in the little class-room to the left, a gentleman unwillingly engaged in studying a large wall-map of Oklahoma. He is an Oxford man who makes his living writing for the reviews. He lately expressed the intention of visiting America. His friends felt that he was not in a fit state, and advised him to take a short course in our school simply as a precautionary measure. You have no idea how hard it is for him to unlearn, he had learned everything so thoroughly. We have had to put him in a class by himself in elementary geography. We found that he had a most inadequate idea of the extent of the American Union, and had always looked upon the States as corresponding to the English counties. This of itself would have been no detriment to him if his geographical ideas had been held only as a part of the equipment of a modest ignorance. It would have endeared him to his American friends, who would have been only too happy to set him right. But unfortunately he is not the kind of

man who can be set right with impunity. When any one would tell him the distance from New York to San Francisco, it would not make the slightest impression on his mind. He would set it down as a piece of American brag. We have found that the best way is to give him set tasks. We have dissected maps of Europe and America drawn to the same scale, and we make him put the map of Great Britain into the map of Texas and calculate the marginal area. Then we have memory work, having him from time to time repeat the length of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the number of vessels passing every year through the Detroit River. We set before him the latest railway map of the United States and ask him to tell at sight which railways belong to which big syndicate, and since when? When he asks what difference it makes, we rebuke his impertinence, and keep him after school.

"We give him daily themes to write. For example we present this text from Sam Slick: 'They are strange folks, them English. On particulars they know more than any people; but on generals they are as ignorant as owls. The way they don't know some things is beautiful.'

"What national characteristics did Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickville, Connecticut, have in mind when he made these animadversions? Is the dislike for general ideas really necessary to the stability of the British Constitution? Is Mr. Slick's criticism sufficiently answered by pointing out the fact that it is couched in language that seriously conflicts with the accepted rules of English grammar?

"On another occasion I gave him these lines from one of our own poets:—

> The House of Peers throughout the war
> Did nothing in particular,
> And did it very well.

'Compare this admirable record of the finished work of our Upper House with the proceedings of a session of the Missouri Legislature, which did a lot of highly important and necessary work, and did it all very badly. Give your opinion as to the comparative value of the two legislative bodies. Indicate on the margin whether you consider a person who holds the opposite opinion to be beneath your contempt, or just worthy of it?'

"Yesterday I gave him an item from the sporting columns of a San Francisco newspaper.

After describing the strenuous physical exercises of a distinguished pugilist, the writer adds: 'O'Brien is diligently using his leisure time in study. It is his intention when retiring from the ring to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. To this end he has engaged a tutor and under his direction is reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Dante, and Homer.'

"'Use this paragraph as a text for a sarcastic article on the absurdities of popular education and the chaotic condition of a society in which anybody feels competent to study anything he has a mind to. After having done this to your own satisfaction look at the subject from another point of view. Granted that you, with your excellent classical education, are more capable of appreciating Homer, ask which one would Homer be more likely to appreciate, you or O'Brien?'

"We are now making use of the phonograph, which repeats for him choice extracts from American newspapers and magazines devoted to making the world familiar with the growth of the country. This familiarizes him, through the ear, with certain uncongenial habits of thought."

The Principal led me for a moment into the entry, and looking through the door we saw the Oxford man in a dejected attitude listening to the phonograph, which was monotonously informing him of the glories of Chicago and the exact floor-space of Marshall Field's store.

"He will have to hear these things sometime," said the Principal, on returning to his own room, "and he might as well do so now. I fear, however, I may have been too severe in the training, and that he may be going stale. He told me this morning that perhaps he might give up his American trip and take a little run up to Bibury instead.

"The real difficulties are always those that lie in the background of the mind and therefore are hard to get at. The traveler insists on putting everything into the same categories he uses at home, and sometimes they won't fit. Englishmen, for example, have got used to dividing themselves into three distinct classes; and when they come to a community where these divisions are not obvious they regard it with suspicion, as they would an egg in which the distinction between the white and the yellow is not as clearly marked as in the days of its first innocency.

"I have been reading the book of a clever writer who discourses on American characteristics. He found in America no recognized upper class and no plainly marked lower class, and so he drew the conclusion that all Americans belong to the middle class. Then he attributed to them all the characteristics which middle-class Englishmen of a literary turn of mind are always attributing to their own class. But this is fallacious. In my youth we used to amuse ourselves by beheading words. We would ruthlessly behead a word and then curtail it. But when the middle letters were relieved of their terminal incumbrances and set up as an independent word, that word had a meaning of its own. My own opinion is that we middle-class Englishmen are pretty fine fellows, and that we are in most respects superior to our betters; but if we had n't one class to look up to and another to look down on, I doubt whether we should feel middle-class at all. We should feel, as do our American brethren, that we are the whole show.

"A most difficult matter is to bring my pupils to a sympathetic appreciation of American optimism. It goes against all their preconceived no-

tions of the fitness of things. The airy way in which an American will mention the most distressing present moral conditions and assure you that everything is as bad as it can be, and is coming out all right, irritates them. It seems to argue a state of ethical inconsequence. 'You can't pin these fellows down to hard facts,' a pupil complained to me, 'the pin won't hold.'

"'That 's just it,' I answered, 'the facts these people are dealing with are not hard, they are fluid. In the old world social facts are hard, they have been solidified by the pressure of population exerted for generations. In the vast spaces of America this pressure has as yet been little felt. If you don't like the facts that are presented to you, you need not take the disappointment seriously, for you are promised a new set of facts while you wait. And the remarkable thing is that about half the time the promise is fulfilled. The facts are flowing. You can't nail them; the best thing you can do is to float on them. The American is not a worshiper of things as they are, his curiosity is aroused by the things that are going to be.'

"We try to make our students, through a

variety of illustrations of rapid change, and that mostly in the right direction, see that there is some justification for the American expectation that when things are pretty bad they are about to be better. It is not altogether to his discredit that even his moral indignation at obvious abuses takes a characteristically cheerful and even self-congratulatory tone. 'Things are looking up morally,' he says, 'when I can get so righteously indignant as all this.'

"I endeavor to get my pupils to unlearn their natural repugnance to the American quality of self-assertiveness. Sometimes I try the kindergarten method. Most of them are interested in pop-corn, which they have heard is the chief diversion of rural America. To shake a corn-popper over a glowing bed of coals is a new experience. When the miniature bombardment is at its height I begin to moralize.

"'That is what you will see over in America, and I hope you will like it. Think of the states in the Mississippi Valley as a huge corn-popper. Into the popper are poured millions of grains of ordinary humanity. They don't take very much room, for they have grown close together. They

are not much to look at. They are shaken till they are pretty evenly distributed and each one feels the genial warmth of a general prosperity. Then they begin to expand, not in a quiet fashion but in a series of small explosions, each individual popping out of his shell and surprised that he takes up so much room in the world. He very naturally thinks he 's the biggest thing out.

" 'If you are a cross-grained foreigner you may look at the process with critical disfavor. You may say that there is n't any more substance in it than there was before and that they ought to have remained in the original envelope which Providence had provided for them. You may look upon it as highly dangerous, and say that if they keep on popping like that they will burst the popper. Or you may end the conversation by remarking that, for your own part, you don't like pop-corn, anyway. But if you are open to conviction we hope to bring you to a better frame of mind.' "

" That is all very interesting," I said, " to get your pupils to unlearn their distaste for American self-assertiveness. I hope you will go farther and get them to unlearn the notion that all Americans

are self-assertive. I am sure that many of my countrymen possess the pearl of humility."

"Yes," said the Principal, "I have no doubt of it. By the way, there is a singular thing about pearls, which I believe has never been explained. It is said that the best way to preserve their lustre is to wear them occasionally."

I learned that the American students had not begun to drift in, though my arrival had strengthened the hope that such accidents might happen. Of course the tourist who had only a few days to spend in the country could hardly be expected to give up part of his holidays for the sake of getting rid of a few long-cherished notions which had no value except to their owner. But the needs of those who were anticipating a more prolonged stay could be provided for.

"I anticipate great pleasure," said the Principal, "from my American pupils, when once they find their way here, for I am told that they unlearn easily. They will also have the great advantage of being removed from their customary environment, so that their erroneous opinions may be more readily eradicated.

"A matter to which we shall give some attention is the American's notion that the stay-at-home Englishman's ignorance of things American arises from superciliousness. When his host, in order to put him at his ease, makes a few vague remarks about the Great Republic and then lets the subject drop, it seems to indicate an affectation of haughty indifference. We shall endeavor to correct this impression and to show that the ignorance is not affected but is quite real. When the pupil feels that he has a grievance because he has been asked whether Philadelphia is on the right or left bank of the Mississippi River, we shall apply a counter-irritant.

"'Brazil,' we shall say, 'is a great and glorious country. Indicate in a pleasant conversational way what you know about it, avoiding the appearance of having looked it up, for the occasion, in the Encyclopædia. After you have made a few remarks about Rio, connected in your mind with coffee and yellow fever, lead the conversation in a sprightly fashion to some of the other great cities. In alluding to some of the states of Brazil, show that you greatly admire them, and tactfully conceal the fact that you are not very

clear in your mind as to where they are. In mentioning the Amazon indicate that you have some ideas about it besides those derived in your childhood from Mayne Reid's "Afloat in the Forest." When the conversation turns upon the great statesmen and men of letters of Brazil, take your part with sympathetic intelligence. When, providentially, the subject is changed, do not appear to be too much relieved.'

"After a few such exercises the pupil will be introduced to an Englishman who knows as much about the United States as he does about South America. A fellow feeling will make them wondrous kind.

"I shall prepare a short course of lectures on English Reserve for the benefit of pupils from the great West who complain because we do not open our hearts to strangers before we have learned their names. It seems to them undemocratic that cordiality of manner should be dependent on the mere accident of being acquainted. I suppose that they are right, and that if we were more large-minded we should consider nothing human as foreign to us. But we are not so happily constituted. Something more than mere humanity is

needed to start the genial currents of our nature. Our pump must be 'primed' with something in the way of an introduction.

"In the Far West, I understand, you have a system of agriculture known as 'dry-farming.' The plan is to keep the surface pulverized so that the moisture stored beneath may be preserved for the feeding roots. We English have for generations cultivated our friendships by a similar method. The non-conducting surface of our manner keeps the deeper feelings from evaporating. There is, we think, a good deal to be said in behalf of this system of dry-farming.

"A much more delicate subject for unlearning is the American's curious notion about the Englishman's attitude toward humor. Ever since Artemus Ward amused the citizens of London by giving notice that he would call upon them at their residences in order to explain his jokes, his countrymen have assumed a patronizing air. When an American ventures on a pleasantry, he tells the story simply, as to a little child; he has heard that an Englishman finds difficulties in such matters. He somewhat officiously offers 'first aid.' All this is strange when one considers

how much our transatlantic brethren have been indebted to the glorious company of English humorists, from Chaucer down. One is reminded of George Eliot's 'Legend of Jubal.' Jubal, 'the father of all such as handle the organ and pipe' and other instruments of music, returned from a long journey to find the people whom he had blessed enjoying a musical festival. He was not recognized by the new generation, and when he attempted to join in the jubilation the musicians turned upon him and 'beat him with their flutes.'"

"I think we appreciate our literary indebtedness," I interrupted, "though our gratitude does not always take the form of a lively anticipation of favors to come. It seems to be the old story of forgetting our philosophy and remembering only our anecdotes. Now, I can tell you an anecdote which will illustrate what we mean."

"It is not necessary," said the Principal; "we have made a large collection of them, and they are all essentially the same. The American tells a story which is received by his respectable British friend with solemn attention worthy of a better cause. Then, when the legal time for laughter has expired according to the statutes of

limitation, he acknowledges his liability and pays his debt of merriment, with deferred interest. The American argues that his mental processes, though sure, are somewhat slow.

"But if we had Courts of Humor as in the days of chivalry they had Courts of Love, I should like to present these cases for adjudication. I should argue that the anecdotes do not prove a deficiency in humor so much as a higher standard of rectitude. The Englishman is not less quick than the American to see a point, but when he does not see it he is less likely to conceal the fact. If he suspects that there is a poor little joke concealed somewhere, he does not find it in his heart to allow it to perish of neglect, but returns to it as a friendly visitor, to see what he can do for it."

"I shall endeavor," said the Principal, "to get them, if not to unlearn, at least to moderate the 'Old Home' idea. Every American, no matter where his family originated, likes to think of England as the Old Home. It satisfies his historic sense and gives him the feeling that he is revisiting the green graves of his sires.

"Once arrived at the Old Home he goes about in search of the quaint and venerable. His head is chock-full of more or less vague historical and literary allusions which he is anxious to attach to their proper localities. He is on the lookout for the people he has read about. He would not be surprised to meet Falstaff or Mr. Pickwick when he turns the corner. I was myself taken for Mr. Pickwick once, and I did n't like it.

"In the mean time the Twentieth-Century England, with its rapidly growing cities, its shifting population, its radical democracy, its socialistic experiments, its model tenements, its new universities, its ferment of fresh thought, escapes his notice.

"'Fine country this,' he says, 'to rest in: beautiful ruins, well-kept lawns, good old customs unchanged for a thousand years. Everything is kept up just as it used to be. I like to see the conservative ways; makes you realize how your forefathers felt. I tell you it touches a soft spot in your heart to come back to the Old Home.'

"To the alert, public-spirited, intensely modern Englishman who is eager to show him the

latest thing in municipal housekeeping, this is disconcerting."

"Yes," I said, "I think I understand. If I were a prosperous planter away down on the Suwanee River, and were anxious to show my visitor the brand-new mansion I had built with the proceeds of my last year's cotton crop, I should object to his striking a sentimental attitude and warbling the ditty about the 'old folks at home.' I should especially object if he mistook me for one of the old folks."

"That is the trouble," said the Principal, "with living in a place that has become a household word. The traveling public seems like a many-headed monster with only one idea. When the idea is a trivial one and keeps popping up continually, it becomes tiresome. There for instance is Banbury, a thriving market town. The present inhabitants are eminently progressive, and the town bears all the evidences of prosperity. But when the train draws up in the summer, one may hear girlish American voices exclaiming, 'How fascinating! Is n't it too cunning for anything! Ride a cock-horse.' And they look out upon the Banbury people as if they belonged to an immemorial nursery.

"The Americans ignore the political divisions of the country, and acknowledge only the divisions into the Scott country, the Burns country, the Wordsworth country, the Shakespeare country, the Dickens country, and the Lorna Doone country. We sometimes wonder where they think we come in."

"Still," I said, "we must remember that though it may be tiresome to the inhabitants to have a few associations recurring continually, a great part of the pleasure of travel consists in comparing our previous impressions with what we see. There was that most delightful of English wayfarers, George Borrow; he was doing that all the time.

"'On arriving at Chester,' he says, 'at which place we intended to spend two or three days, we put up at an old-fashioned inn in Northgate Street to which we had been recommended. My wife and daughter ordered tea and its accompaniments; and I ordered ale and that which should always accompany it, cheese. "The ale I shall find bad," said I; "Chester ale had a bad reputation since the time of old Sion Tudor, who made a first-rate englyn about it, but I shall have

a treat in the cheese; Cheshire cheese has always been reckoned excellent."'

"To his great delight he found the ale as bad as it was in the days of Sion Tudor, and therefore he hilariously threw it out of the window. Then tasting the cheese, he found the cheese bad also, and promptly threw that after the ale. 'Well,' he said, 'if I have been deceived in the cheese, at any rate I have not been deceived in the ale, which I expected to find execrable. Patience! I shall not fall into a passion, more especially as there are things I can fall back upon. Wife! I will trouble you for a cup of tea. Henrietta! have the kindness to cut me a slice of bread and butter.'

"Now it is evident that Borrow had two distinct pleasures in his visit to Chester. The ale was as bad as from his previous reading of the Welsh bards he had been led to suppose, and the cheese was worse. The pleasure in each case came from the fact that his experience had reacted upon his previous ideas. After all, this is a harmless sort of pleasure."

"Yes," said the Principal, "in a bluff, wholesouled Briton like Borrow, there could be no

harm in throwing the ale and cheese around, just for the sake of auld lang syne; but it is different with a vulgar rich Am— Pardon me, I am falling into the bad habits of my pupils."

"I take no offense," I said; "you know I am not rich."

"We shall," he said, "deal tenderly with the literary and historical treasures which our pupils bring with them, but we shall endeavor to teach them to use their excellent gifts in such a way that the Past may not altogether obscure the Present."

"Another idea," said the Principal, "is that of 'the tight little island.' It is a term that the British themselves delight in; but it should be remembered that diminutives, while very endearing when used in the family circle, are less pleasing when taken up by strangers. The American expects to find the British quite insular, and so they are, — 'of or pertaining to an island, surrounded by water, opposed to continental.' The real question is, what effect has being surrounded by water upon the mind? Is water, especially when it is salt, a conductor or non-conductor of cosmopolitan sympathies? The dictionary takes the

latter view and goes on to the slurring secondary definition, 'characteristic of the inhabitants of islands, hence, narrow, contracted.'

"Why 'hence, narrow, contracted'? It would seem as if the dictionary-man had been consorting with land-lubbers and had taken their point of view. One would suppose from his reasoning that the sea cut one off from communication with the rest of the world, while prairies and mountains were the true highways of nations. This is not the doctrine of the Blue-water school. It is based on the recognition of the broadening effect of an insular position. There is no place so easy to get at or to get away from as an island. It makes us next-door neighbors to the ends of the earth, especially when we 've got the ships, we 've got the men, we 've got the money too. It is your dweller in a section of a continent who is shut in, 'hence, narrow, contracted.' Your islander knows no such narrow bounds as he sings his victorious 'Song of the Seven Seas.' If this be insularity make the most of it!"

At this moment the door-bell rang, and a shy individual appeared whom I took to be the first American student.

THE HUNDRED WORST BOOKS

SOME years have passed since Sir John Lubbock offered assistance to the bewildered reader by sifting the world's literature and selecting the Best Books. Since then many lists of the Best Books, in tens and multiples of ten, have been presented to the public. Enterprising publishers have put forth sets sold by subscription and warranted to be ornaments to any library.

I am not in a position to know whether the Best Books when organized into a battalion are more resorted to than before. I suspect that, like a crack regiment, they are much admired by the commonalty, and not subjected to very hard service.

But admirable as is the effort to mark the best, it is not a sufficient method of charting the vast sea of literature. The lighthouse is not placed in the middle of the channel, but on the dangerous reef. The mournful bell-buoy tells the mariner where *not* to go. For purposes of instruction in

literature, the reefs and shoals should be properly marked. It seems strange that those who are interested in the study of literary style have not given more attention to the work of compiling lists of the Hundred Worst Books.

Here is a fascinating field for difference of opinion; and the debates can be carried on without acrimony. There is something unseemly in the controversies over the comparative merits of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, especially when, for chronological reasons, Bernard Shaw must have the last word. It is different when two deservedly obscure writers contend amiably for the lowest seat. No ill feeling can be provoked when each bows to the other and says, "After you."

The question, what constitutes bad writing, has been complicated by the fact that teachers of English have so largely confined their attention to good, or at least to mediocre, writers. When, therefore, they have had occasion to use horrible examples, they have generally been content to point out the occasional slips which they discover in the better sort of books; unless, indeed, they are hard-hearted enough to use Freshman examination papers as clinical material.

In this way they put undue emphasis on minor faults, while not doing justice to those which are fundamental. For reproof and instruction there is nothing better than the thorough analysis of a book which has no redeeming qualities to distract from its main fault. It must be one of unimaginativeness all compact. There should be a careful anatomy of its melancholy. What is the secret of total lack of charm? How is it that words can be made not only to conceal thought, but also to stifle all natural curiosity concerning the thought that might be concealed? In what fields were the poppies grown from which this opiate was distilled?

It is only in the first-hand study of consistently bad writing that we outgrow the schoolboy point of view: that bad writing consists in breaking the rules, and good writing in obeying them. At first sight, the rules of rhetoric seem as adamantine as the moral law. The commandments against barbarisms and improprieties are uttered with a stern menace. Such a natural locution as a split infinitive evokes the thunders of the law. The young writer grows timid, seeing that he is liable to give offense where none was intended. By purifying

his style of all its natural qualities, he seeks through self-abnegation to follow the counsels of perfection and attain to "clearness, elegance, and force."

At last he discovers, with a sense of injustice, that the penalties are visited only on those who, in good faith, are trying, though unsuccessfully, to obey the laws. All is forgiven one who transgresses willfully and deliberately.

"I do not care to be clear," cries the new favorite; "you will notice what pains I take to be obscure. As for elegance, I despise it."

"Come to my arms, child of genius!" cries the delighted critic. "Who cares for clearness and elegance in one who is strong enough to succeed without them?"

The painstaking literary workman has a sense of injustice when he observes that virtue is not rewarded and that disobedience is praised. Elsewhere the good person is one who does what he is told to do and who performs the work that is expected of him. In literature, all this goes for nothing when measured against a bit of originality. Now, originality consists in not doing what is expected. When all eyes are fixed upon the target the trick

is to hit something else. The thoroughly bad writer is one who in three hundred and fifty pages tells you exactly what you expected, in precisely the way you expected him to tell it. The business-like fidelity with which his plan is carried out renders it unnecessary for you to inspect the work. You feel that you can trust the author absolutely. A glance at the table of contents is sufficient; you know that it will be carried out. You can acknowledge your indebtedness in the labor-saving formula of the polite tradesman, "Thanking you in advance for your favor."

It is not my purpose to furnish a list of the Worst Books. I do not think it would be within the power of any one to make a selection that would be universally accepted. The compilers of the lists of Best Books have the advantage that they are by well-known authors and have had the judgment of successive generations. One does not need to have a really comprehensive knowledge of literature to express a preference for the historic Milton over the inglorious Miltons, who might have written as well, but who unfortunately did n't.

It is more difficult to distinguish the worst

books. Like all the lower organisms, poor books multiply prodigiously, though the total number is kept down by a corresponding mortality. Here, as elsewhere, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." The worst books sink speedily into the depths of oblivion. It is in these black waters that we must dredge for our specimens.

We must expect to take fisherman's luck. It is as hard for some things to be forgotten as it is for others to be remembered. There, for example, was that sturdy Elizabethan, John Marston, who had the singular taste to dedicate his poems to Everlasting Oblivion. He says:—

> Let others pray
> Forever their fair poems flourish may,
> But as for me, hungry Oblivion
> Devour me quick, accept my orison,
> My earnest prayers which do importune thee
> To veil both me and my rude poesy.

Instead of which, a new edition of the complete works of Marston has been issued within a few years.

It is evident that no two lists of the Hundred Worst Books can be alike. There can be no consensus of the competent in regard to that

which the competent usually shun. It is not necessary that there should be elaborate tests. All that can reasonably be expected is that a reader, remembering his least happy hours, should indicate the books which on the whole seemed pre-eminent in the quality of unreadableness.

It should be remembered that the habit of making collections of books on the ground of their worthlessness is not common, and the collector meets many discouragements from those who do not appreciate his point of view. I had an experience of this kind in Oxford. I had noted the absence in the English newspapers of those colored supplements which lend distinction to our Sunday newspapers, and which throw such a lurid light upon our boasted sense of humor.

I wondered as to what provision was made for the literary proletariat of Great Britain. A slight investigation at the news-stands revealed the fact that the same pabulum was furnished to the public, only on a somewhat different plan. In Great Britain it is served *à la carte* instead of, as with us, *table d'hôte*. There are a host of little journals, of which "Ally Sloper's" seemed the most popular, which contain the matter which is thrust upon us

in the huge supplements. It occurred to me that it might be pleasant to make a selection of these papers of the "Ally Sloper" variety, and compare them with our more pretentious productions in the same line. An analysis of this literature, which was evidently devoured in Oxford in large quantities, might serve as the basis of an essay to be entitled "Under the Shadow of the Bodleian."

I had made a selection, and was about to complete the purchase, when the keeper of the newsstand handed me the "Hibbert Journal of Theology," saying, with a firmness of conviction that overpowered my lighter desires, "This, sir, must be what you are looking for."

Though the systematic study of literary failures may be less attractive to some minds than the contemplation of successful efforts, there can be no question as to its usefulness. It stands in the same relation to formal rhetoric that pathology does to physiology. Certainly, a sound knowledge of the pathology of composition must be advantageous to one venturing upon so dangerous an occupation.

In compiling a list of the Hundred Worst Books one should carefully consider the necessary

limitations of the inquiry. In the first place, it should be remembered that the word worst is used, not in the moral, but in the strictly literary sense. The candidate for a place in the list must be bad, not as a man may be bad, but as a book may be bad. Now, the chief end of a book is to be read, and the lowest depth into which it can fall is to be unreadable. We must subordinate all other considerations to the effort to ascertain how it stands in this respect. Our judgment must be upon the degree of unreadableness. Is the book one which we should not read if we had anything better at hand, or is it of such a character that in a farm-house on a rainy afternoon it would not serve as a temporary alleviation of our disappointment at not finding a last year's Almanac?

In making tests, we must eliminate all prejudice. A book that awakens prejudice can have no place in the list of the Hundred Worst. A book that belongs there awakens nothing. If it makes you angry or scornful — it has done something to you. This is evidence of a certain degree of power. The test of really poor writing is that it produces no mental reactions.

Were there a popular contest, I suppose some

one might propose the once well-known works of the Sweet Singer of Michigan. This would indicate that the essentials of poor literature are not understood. I have read every poem of the Sweet Singer with delighted surprise. The aberrations from ordinary usage gave a certain unforgettable quality to the work. On the other hand, I have read poems irreproachable in rhyme and rhythm, and when I had finished I not only did n't know what they were about, — which was a small matter, — but, what was more important, I did n't care.

In order to preserve the scientific character of the investigations, it would be necessary to rule out works by living authors, even though by so doing we exclude much interesting material.

By this exclusion we avoid the question whether literature is declining in quality, as it increases in quantity. The fact that there are vast numbers of poor books issuing from the press does not prove that there is any literary decadence. We should remember the way in which Junius, in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton, denied that he had charged his Lordship with being a degenerate. " The character of the ances-

tors of some men has made it possible for them to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate." The testimony of contemporaries in such a matter is notoriously unreliable. Read, for example, "The Tears of the Muses" by Edmund Spenser. Spenser would have us believe that the period in which he lived had reached the low-water mark of English genius. Each muse comes forward bathed in tears to lament the dismal heaviness of the times.

Clio reports that in her line there is "nothing doing." History is a lost art. She can —

> Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told.

Melpomene bewails the fact that there are no longer any worthy tragedians.

> But I that in true tragedies am skild,
> The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
> Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
> Because that mourning matter I have none.

Gentle Thalia is in still worse plight.

> O, all is gone! and all the goodly glee,
> Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
> Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
> And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits.
>
> . . . . . .

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deep abysme.

One muse after another gives sad testimony. Only one person of real ability remains: —

Most peereles prince, most peereles poëtresse
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces
Divine Elisa.

With the exception of the divine Elisa, all were "borne of salvage brood." No wonder that each muse wept immoderately.

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile and made exceeding mone;
And all their learned instruments did breake;
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

In spite of these lamentations, one cannot help thinking that the sixteenth century averaged up pretty well. To be sure, men of genius were not as thick as blackberries; they seldom are.

Of course the same difficulty besets the compilers of the Best Books, when they allow contemporaries to compete. The author of a book of reminiscences of Oxford in the middle of the

nineteenth century tells of a question put to the great Dr. Routh, then the head of Magdalen College and a great authority on literature. "If the English Language were to become a dead language, who would be remembered and hold the place of a classic, as Cicero in the Latin?" Dr. Routh answered that in his opinion the name that would survive the general wreck of English Literature would be that of Thomas Warton. Such judgments serve to point a wholesome moral: not to be too sure. Fame is like an absent-minded hostess. She receives her distinguished guest graciously and assures him of her undying regard. When, a little while after, she meets him, she inquires, "What name, please?"

As my present purpose is simply to call attention to some of the most salient characteristics of poor writing, I shall confine my attention to two or three books that happened to be in my own library. I speak in this matter, not as an expert, but as an amateur. I have read a good many poor books, but I do not flatter myself that I know the worst. Nor do I feel that I have the ability ever to do so. There are books at which I can only gaze wistfully, as upon some land where

no man comes or hath come since the making of the world. I have not the courage to explore these verbal wildernesses. If I were to choose a volume out of my limited collection to illustrate what a book ought not to be, it would be a modest little volume, published in the middle of the last century by the Religious Tract Society of London, and entitled "Our Domestic Fowls." I have no doubt but that there are worse books than "Our Domestic Fowls," but its faults are of such a typical character as to make it excellent material for a literary clinic.

The author, Mr. Martin, was capable of constructing sentences which were clear and which sometimes attained to a degree of elegance, but the effect of his work as a whole was to confound the understanding.

The reason is not far to seek. Like most poor books, "Our Domestic Fowls" was made to order. In the introduction we are told that the Committee of the Religious Tract Society has resolved to publish a volume each month adapted to the growing intelligence of the times. "The series will be Original, Scriptural, Popular, Portable, and Economical; that is to say, the twelve volumes

of a year will cost less than three half-pence per week."

Such were the austere requirements of the committee. It appears that the more attractive subjects had been treated already by other authors. The Life of Julius Cæsar, Wild Flowers, The Solar System, Ancient Jerusalem, Self-Improvement, The Atmosphere, and Man in his Physical, Intellectual, Social and Moral Relations had been developed in such a way as to "supply valuable reading to a large number of people who could spare only time enough for the perusal of a small volume, and whose means would not allow of a more costly purchase." The cream had been skimmed off before Mr. Martin appeared, but there was left for him one subject, Domestic Fowls, which he was required to treat in the same Original, Scriptural, Portable, and Economical fashion that characterized the rest of the series.

Here Mr. Martin made his fundamental mistake, which was in undertaking to write the book. Had he been left to choose his own subject, he might have done very well. Apparently he was a man of sound theological views, who at the

same time had had some experience in poultry. Had he undertaken to write on either Systematic Theology or Chicken-Raising, he might have got on. It was in the attempt to do both at the same time, in order to fulfill the requirements of the committee, that he came to grief.

I have no doubt that the one hundred and ninety-two pages of this little book were the cause of much mental anguish to Mr. Martin. The evidence of divided aim is but too apparent. No sooner did he become interested in describing the raising of ducks than his conscience would smite him with the thought that some reader was hungry for a scriptural application, and he would suddenly remark, "Whether ducks, geese, or other waterfowl were used as food by the Ancient Hebrews does not appear from any passage in the scriptures. They do not seem to have been interdicted, and as the Hebrews must have witnessed the extensive consumption of these birds while sojourning in Egypt, especially ducks and geese, they perhaps may have adopted their use." On the other hand, he says that it is just as likely "that, influenced by their feelings of aversion with respect to Egyptian rites and ceremonies, the

Hebrews *may* have regarded ducks and geese with disgust."

The arguments on either side are alike plausible, but they serve to interrupt the train of thought of one interested in the more practical aspects of the subject.

Mr. Martin begins his work by stating that "the only history of man in his primeval condition is that contained in the book of Genesis." Though Adam was given dominion not only over the fish of the sea, but also over the birds of the air, it is doubtful whether he exercised this dominion in the case of domestic poultry. The author finds much difficulty in elucidating the question of the relation of the patriarchs to poultry, coming reluctantly to the conclusion that the patriarchs did not keep hens. He takes much comfort, however, in a "casual and little noticed expression in the First Book of Kings," that indicates that in the days of Solomon the domestic fowl was kept in Judea.

These investigations take Mr. Martin far afield. There is an apologetic note in his treatment of the turkey and guinea-fowls. "As the guinea-hen and the turkey were originally imported from

Central Africa and America, we can of course find no allusion to them in Scripture, but it is somewhat strange that the pheasant should not be noticed." He attempts to explain the omission in two sentences, which I will quote as an example of Mr. Martin's learned and clear style. After several readings, I confess I have not been able to follow his line of thought. He says, "We think, however, that an easy explanation may be given: when the waters of the deluge were assuaging, Noah selected two birds by way of experiment, the raven and the dove: the ark was left dry on Mount Ararat, probably in Armenia; we have then a brief narration of a series of important events extending over a period of three hundred and twenty-seven years, and a list of generations, till we come to the injunction laid upon Abraham to leave his country and kindred: he passed with Lot to the land of Canaan, and thence into Egypt, with flocks and herds, his property; thenceforth he and his descendants led a nomadic life in Syria and Egypt, feeding their flocks and herds, their asses and camels. Consequently, that neither this elegant bird nor any other excepting turtle-doves and young pigeons

common in Syria, and used as offerings, should be alluded to in the history of the patriarchs, may be readily accounted for."

Mr. Martin was a good Protestant. Speaking of the guinea-fowl, he says that while it was originally from Africa it was carried to America, "where it had been introduced with human bondsmen torn from their native soil to supply the place of the miserably slaughtered population of the Western World, and condemned to labor for the conquering white man, for him whose only passion was, under the veil of popish religion, the accursed thirst for gold." One would hardly have expected that the discussion of the guinea-hen would have given such a good opportunity to get a whack at the Papacy.

Mr. Martin's condition is described in the title of one of Tennyson's poems, "Confessions of a Second-rate Mind not at Unity with Itself."

Here is a paragraph in which Mr. Martin struggles with different phases of his subject with his usual lack of success:—

"Of the utility of the fowl as an article of food, and of the goodness of its eggs, little need be said, all are aware of the great numbers of the former

consumed in the metropolis alone, and, with respect to the latter, thousands are annually imported from France to meet the demands of the market. In all ages the cock has been celebrated as the harbinger of the morn, the herald of the sun, whose clarion sounds before the break of day. Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house shall come, at even or at midnight or at the cock-crowing."

The lack of unity in this paragraph must strike the most uninstructed reader, and yet it arises from conscientious motives. The writer is always going back to the subject as prepared by the committee. It is the same fatal impulse which is said to lead the murderer to revisit the scenes of his crime. Mr. Martin cannot forget for a moment his great responsibilities. He is always afraid lest his moral should get away from him. His motto is Poultry and Theology, one and inseparable.

When he is calculating the profits arising from hens that can be induced to devote their energies to laying eggs rather than to sitting on them, he rises into the sphere of Natural Theology. "It must have struck even the most superficial ob-

server that the extraordinary fecundity of gallinaceous fowls is a wise and most benevolent dispensation of Providence to provide more abundant food for man."

Having made this edifying observation, he feels that he has discharged a spiritual duty and may return to a more utilitarian treatment of the subject.

For a hundred and eighty-nine pages Mr. Martin struggles manfully with his subject. He is about to give us information as to the breeding of swans, when he suddenly determines to bring his dissertations to an end.

"Here, then, we may close our account of the birds legitimately coming under the head of domestic poultry. A few words may be permitted on another subject." This subject is really number 14 of the Series, "Man in his Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Relations." It is this subject which Mr. Martin has been hankering for all the time. He has only four pages, but he devotes it to The Fall of Man. "Man fell from his first estate, and the human race now stands as guilty, as criminal, as condemned by the law, to break one tittle of which is to break the whole."

Gathering together the threads of argument which he had left at loose ends in the various chapters on the gallinaceous fowls, he makes a fervent appeal to the sinner, and ends his book in gentler tone, with a few comforting reflections for the saints. "Even now the day is brightening, Christianity can number among its sincere professors men of every clime, from the ice-bound north to the sunny isles of the southern seas, the skin-clad Greenlander familiar with the waves, the hardy Russ and Slavonian, the Angle, the Frank, the Hindoo, the Negro, the Red Rover of the American forest, and the fierce Polynesian, once an idolater and a cannibal."

With this elegant peroration, Mr. Martin brings his book on "Our Domestic Fowls" to an abrupt conclusion.

This book is useful in suggesting the cause of much unfortunate writing. The author has not a free hand. It is a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. A committee may do many things well, but it cannot produce good literature. To draw an illustration from the field with which Mr. Martin was familiar, we may say that in literature artificial incubation is not a success.

One may observe the effects of outside influences in the labored style of government reports, inaugural addresses, orations on important occasions, and in prize poems and essays.

The dreariness of the official productions of the poets laureate of England is a case in point, for many of these gentlemen in their private capacity have been real poets. But their style invariably took a turn for the worse when they began to write as contract laborers.

The productions of this sort are like the early attempts of the heavier-than-air flying machines. The machine was first lifted to an elevated platform. After that its flight consisted of laborious flopping that concealed, but did not overcome, the force of gravity.

Colley Cibber, who, after being made Poet Laureate, was elevated to the position of hero of "The Dunciad," complained that there was nothing which the unmannerly wits of his day liked better than "a lick at the laureate." It is a sport which is still enjoyed.

Why do the favorites of royalty write so badly when they are elevated into a place of such dignity? Boswell reports Dr. Johnson as saying of

Cibber: "His friends give out that he *intended* his birthday Odes should be bad; but that is not the case, sir." This charitable view seems also the reasonable one. It is not necessary to suppose that the almost uniform badness of official poetry comes from deliberate malfeasance in office. The honest poet does his best to earn his salary, and to give his patrons their money's worth. But something happens to him. It is impossible for him to deliver the goods.

Suppose Robert Burns, in an unfortunate moment, to have been honored with the laureateship. He receives an order to produce a short poem for the king's birthday. "Throw off just a simple little thing, like the lines you wrote when you were ploughing. His Majesty prefers simplicity."

Poor Burns! He cannot make King George seem as interesting a subject as a field mouse. All the felicities of speech desert him. He can only render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, which, truth to tell, are quite dull.

If patrons in former times were the cause of much bad writing, publishers in these days are not without their burden of guilt. The unwary writer commits himself to a literary project which

is foreign to his genius. The conflict between what he wants to write and what he is paid to write, destroys all spontaneous charm. The commercialization of literature bears its own penalty. The literature that is made to order, following the specifications of the buyer without regard to the moods of the producer, is bound to be bad. Under these circumstances a skilled writer's production will not be *so* bad as the work of a novice, but at best it will only be a merchantable specimen of his own worst manner. It must necessarily be so, as it is his work with himself left out. The inability to write well unless one has something he wants to write is, as the author of "Our Domestic Fowls" would say, "a wise provision.'

I have confined my attention to prose. To carry the investigation into poetry would be too painful. I have only one book of poems which I purchased because I suspected that it was bad, and in this adventure I hazarded only fifteen cents. I was attracted by the title, "Poems by Jones." If the author's initials had been given I should not have bought the book. The stark title promised something rigidly unpoetic, and the promise was fulfilled.

Jones published his poems in 1759, and, with the exception of a lady who left some rose-petals between the leaves, I flatter myself that I am the only person in one hundred and fifty years who has read the book.

The principal poem is entitled "Philosophy, a poem addressed to the ladies who attended Mr. Booth's lectures in Dublin." Mr. Booth, it appears, lectured on natural philosophy.

Jones describes the way in which the ladies listened to the lecture and watched the experiments in physics: —

> What pleasing fervours in each Bosom rise,
> What deep attention and what fixed surprise.

We can almost see the "fixed surprise" of the eighteenth-century ladies as the experiments came out just as the lecturer said they would.

Well does the poet say, —

> Thrice happy few, that wisely here attend
> The voice of Science and her Cause befriend.
> . . . . . .
> To you bright nymphs whose wisdom charms us most,
> The pride of Nature, and Creation's boast,
> To you Philosophy enamoured flies
> And triumphs in the plaudits of your eyes.

That was very flattering, and I like to think that the rose-petals were left in the book by one of the lecture-going ladies of Dublin when it was last opened in the winter of the year 1759.

In the title of another poem, Jones unconsciously lets us into the secret of the Art of Poetry as it has been practiced in all ages by the worst poets. It is a poem entitled, "To the Rev. Dr. Mann, occasioned by the author's asking him for a subject to write on, and his saying he could think of none."

The poet, having no ideas of his own and being unable to borrow any from his friends, falls into a gentle melancholy. In attempting to express this melancholy sense of intellectual destitution, he is greatly surprised to find that he has written a poem of considerable length.

Standing on the same shelf with "Our Domestic Fowls" is another little volume of the same period, "The Young Lady's Aid to Usefulness and Happiness." It is difficult to tell what is the matter with this book. There are no obvious faults to attract the attention. There are no sentiments which could do the least harm to the delicate young lady portrayed on the frontispiece. Yet it has

only been by a great effort of will that I have been able to read more than one sentence at a sitting. Dip into the book at any point, and you feel that you have read that page before.

Here is a specimen sentence, on page 122: "The particular suggestions are that the great object of education is to draw out, exercise, and develop the various faculties of our nature, that books and studies are the means of accomplishing this object, but as the strength and development of the mental powers depend upon the actual exercise of these powers rather than upon the particular studies and subjects on which the mind is exercised, it sometimes happens that those who are deprived of books and studies do by similar exercise of their minds upon the actual duties and trials of life, obtain the same or similar valuable results with others, and that consequently those young ladies who enjoy great advantages should remember that the value of their education will depend upon their own faithfulness in the right exercise of their mind, rather than upon the high character of the advantages they enjoy, while those who are deprived of these privileges may be encouraged to seek for the

same valuable results in rightly meeting and rightly discharging the duties of life."

This is what in the language of penology would be called an "indeterminate sentence."

The obvious criticism is that it is too long, and the attempt might be made to improve it by chopping it up into small pieces. This would be a makeshift like that of the cook who, when a piece of meat is too tough and tasteless to be served whole, has it minced.

There was a poem which I learned in my childhood in which the question is propounded: —

> How big was Alexander, Pa?
> The people call him Great.
> Was he like old Goliath tall,
> His spear, a hundred weight?

The answer was one that appealed to common sense: —

> 'T was not his stature made him great
> But the greatness of his mind.

So one may say of the sentence in the "Young Lady's Aid," it is not its length that makes it tedious, but the tediousness of the author's mind. This is apparent when we compare it with an equally extended sentence of Milton on the same subject.

Milton's sentence sweeps everything before it. It fills every nook and cranny, and we are carried along by its uncontrolled energy. The sentence in the "Young Lady's Aid" moves also, but it moves on a pivot. The same phrases reappear like the gilt chariots in a merry-go-round. To be reminded once of the trials and duties of life is salutary, but when the same trials and duties which gave solemnity to the first half of the sentence reappear in the second half, and we are again assured of the valuable results of education, the result is intellectual vertigo.

A comparison between selected passages from the Hundred Best and the Hundred Worst Books might throw light on the question how far education affects literary style. There is a field in which instruction avails. There are obvious faults that can be corrected, and there are excellences that can be attained, by training. But there is, beyond that, the field for native qualities.

There is an incommunicable grace of language which is "the glory of gay wits." We may be taught to recognize it and to enjoy it, but we cannot be taught to imitate it. In any bit of writing it is either there or it is not there. If it is there,

we are glad; if it is not there, the best teacher cannot correct the deficiency.

If the best is inimitable, so fortunately is the worst. The poorest writing must be accepted as a gift of Nature. Lord Chatham said of the members of Lord North's cabinet, "They have brought themselves where ordinary inability never arrives, and nothing but first-rate geniuses in incapacity can reach." A study of the works of first-rate geniuses in literary incapacity will show that by no rearrangement of sentences or application of formal rules can they be greatly improved; for, in each case, the style is the man. The fact to be considered in regard to the worst writer is, not that he makes mistakes, but that he *is* a mistake.

We come back to the theory of the Dunciad, where the Goddess Dulness is described:—

> Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
> She ruled in native anarchy the mind.

A learned footnote explains: "Dulness is here to be taken, not contrastedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see from the poet's own words) some degree of boldness, a

ruling principle, not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding and inducing a confused state of mind." No educational device has yet been invented by which sweetness and light may be extracted from this confused state of mind.

THE CONVENTION OF BOOKS

ONCE upon a time there was an Old Librarian who, attending a convention of his profession, closed his eyes. This was not because the papers were uninteresting; nor was it because they were not important if true, for they were both important and true. But the papers were many and the librarian was no longer young; therefore he closed his eyes that he might more easily follow the thought. So he followed the thought until he was out of hearing of the somewhat too even voice of the gentleman who was reading.

Suddenly he found himself in a convention of books. Now, the librarian had always loved books, and had cared for their safety, and had planned to extend their usefulness. But in the country to which he had been transported the conditions are reversed. The books assume responsibility for the care of their readers, and arrange them in order and decide upon their merits. For the books in

their own country set great store by their readers. When a book misplaces its readers, or loses them, it is looked upon as unskillful. It is no small achievement for a book to look after a large collection of miscellaneous readers, and to select those that are valuable.

When the Old Librarian arrived, the convention hall was almost full. There were books of all sizes and ages, all engaged in animated conversation. There were venerable folios, grave middle-aged quartos, flashy young duodecimos. Blue-blooded classics were elbowed by pushing "best sellers." Shabby odd volumes shambled about, looking for members of their family circle from whom they had been separated for years. Now and then a superannuated text-book, lean and haggard, would ask for information from a pert young fellow who had once been his pupil. A slight willowy poem would trip along with a look of vague inquiry in her innocent eyes, as if she were seeking some one who would tell her what she was all about. She would draw her dainty singing robes around her to avoid the touch of some horny-handed son of prose with the dust of the Census Bureau yet upon him. There were

grave, learned books who were spoken of with bated breath as "Authorities"; and there were "Original Sources," aristocrats of long lineage, who still clung to the antique garb of their youth.

There were few in the company who ventured upon any familiarity with these worthies. It was however whispered by an enterprising Thesis, who had made their acquaintance, that some of them, in their own day and generation, had been rather common.

Near the doors were groups of half-grown pamphlets who had not yet reached the dignity of full book-hood. They formed a disturbing element, and it was a question whether they should be admitted to the floor, it being very difficult to keep these unbound hobbledehoys in order.

The Old Librarian was not one of those indefatigable persons who can sit through all the meetings furnished by conscientious programme-makers. He was glad that so many papers were provided at all hours, but there was a touch of altruism in his nature, so that he rejoiced in the thought of the information which the minds of others received while his own lay fallow. After the

convention had been opened, he wandered in a leisurely way from one section to another, listening to such of the discussions as interested him, and observing how the books conducted their business.

There was much wrangling over the report of the Committee on Credentials, as there was a great difference of opinion as to what constitutes a book. It is an old controversy between the strict constructionists and those of more democratic tendencies. In this case the strict constructionists were outvoted, and the Old Librarian noticed a number of volumes taking part in the proceedings, to whom he would not have given the privileges of the floor.

There was one general subject for discussion, "The Care of Readers," but each section considered its own questions of technique. Never had the Old Librarian been so impressed with the sense of the importance of readers. The president in his opening address declared that the reader could no longer be treated as a negligible quantity. Readers might be said to be almost essential to the existence of books. It was a great satisfaction to the Old Librarian to hear this, for he had often

been grieved at the haughty airs of certain of the more learned books who had refused to make any allowance for the natural infirmities of their readers. They would lead them into verbal labyrinths and heartlessly leave them there, laughing with erudite glee at their confusion. But this was not the spirit of the convention.

The Old Librarian listened with much interest to a paper on "The Classification of Readers." The readers were classified according to the natural method, —

The readers who read through,

The readers who read at,

The readers who read in,

The readers who read round about,

And the well-beloved readers who read between the lines.

Boswell's "Life of Johnson" said that he was accustomed to divide readers into two classes, the herbivorous and the carnivorous. The herbivorous reader is a quiet, ruminating creature who likes to browse in a library. He could best illustrate the characteristic of the carnivorous species by quoting a note that he had made of Dr. Johnson's way of reading. "He seemed to read it

ravenously as if he devoured it. . . . He knows how to read better than any one . . . he gets at the substance of a book directly, he tears the heart out of it. He kept it wrapt up in the table-cloth in his lap during the time of dinner, . . . resembling (if I may use so coarse a simile) a dog who holds a bone in his paws in reserve while he eats something else which has been thrown to him."

"How shocking!" said Mrs. Hemans's Poems, shuddering.

"Do not be alarmed, madam. I was only using a figure of speech."

A paper was read on "The Treatment of Ephemeral Readers; how they may be catalogued to be made available during their lifetime and retired with the least time and labor."

There was some difference of opinion as to what constitutes an ephemeral reader. Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" defined him as one who never got beyond the title-page. He never felt that a reader was worth cataloguing unless he had got into the first chapter. He was sorry to say that most of his readers belonged, not to the class that reads in, but to that which only reads about.

Royce's "The World and the Individual" re-

marked that he had noticed a good many of these second-hand readers of Kant lying around in the colleges.

"I wonder," said "The Spectator," "why so many readers insist on forcing themselves into the company of books that are above their station in life. They must know that they would be happier with those of their own class."

"I remember a remark of Dr. Johnson which may throw some light on the situation," said Boswell's "Life of Johnson." "It was one day when we visited the Pantheon in London, then newly opened as a place of entertainment. I said, when I had paid the entrance fee, 'There's not a half-guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place.' To which Dr. Johnson replied, 'But, sir, there's half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it.'"

"It's lucky that so many readers have that amiable weakness," drawled Lord Chesterfield's Letters. "Those big-wigs over there," pointing to the World's Classics, "would n't be dressed in full morocco if it were n't that every blessed reader is willing to give his guineas to be saved from the inferiority of not knowing them."

Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" rose from his chair with some effort, to resent what seemed to him an unworthy fling at the readers whose reading was done by proxy.

"I have been highly esteemed and kept in good reputation by successive generations that have taken me on trust. They slap me on the back and call me 'Good old Burton,' and 'Quaint old Burton,' and quote somebody who quoted somebody I quoted. I have no doubt but that they will keep it up for several hundred years longer. Is n't it just as well as if they actually took the trouble to read me? They certainly have kept up a pleasant speaking acquaintance."

The "Complete Works of Josephus," neatly attired in calf, arose to testify to his approval of the philosophical remarks of his young friend. Two hundred years is a short time in the life of a book. As for himself, he was approaching his second millennium, and he was happy to say that his circulation was still good. Since his first publication no generation had arisen that knew not Josephus. He attributed his longevity to his regular habits. He had very early got himself talked about in learned and semi-learned circles. Works dealing

in a popular way with Hebrew history are accustomed to say to their readers, "See Josephus."

"Do the readers see you?" asked a thin, anxious-looking commentary.

"That is immaterial," answered the Complete Works. "They like to have me near at hand, so that they can see me in case of emergency. If one is asked to address a meeting of Sunday-school teachers it is a great convenience to be able to say, 'Herod Antipas must not be confounded with Herod the Tetrarch, as is well known by every reader of Josephus.' Now, every one is liable to be asked to address a meeting of Sunday-school teachers at some time or other, and it gives a feeling of security to have me at hand. Of course a narrow-minded person may deny that readers of this kind should be included in the card-catalogue, but I should not know what to do without them. But for them I should be as lonesome as my old friend Philo of Alexandria. He had a great reputation in his day, but he is now known only to scholars. There is no distinction in that, for scholars are willing to know anything."

The "Letters of Junius" said that he had spent a great deal of time in the study of readers, en-

deavoring to find out what became of them. The more he looked into the matter, the more the mystery deepened. It was not merely the fugitive reader that disappeared. He supposed that every book here that had made a collection could tell of serious losses.

"Friendship's Garland," a single volume of uncertain age, said that she had been greatly troubled in this way. All her readers had mysteriously disappeared without fault of her own. Far be it from her to cast suspicion upon her fellow-books, but she feared that, if an investigation were made, it might be found that some of them had readers that did n't belong to them.

Rollin's "Ancient History" said that once he had a large number of readers that he had collected with much industry. They had disappeared one by one. He supposed that it was now too late to recover them. Works of Fiction had at one time been accused of purloining readers from unsuspecting Histories. He had noticed a gang of Historical Romances loafing in the vicinity. They were suspicious characters living without visible means of support. Many years ago "Thaddeus of Warsaw" had borrowed some of his readers and had never

returned them. He had, however, been told that of late there had been a reformation among Works of Fiction and that they are becoming quite serious.

"That is true," said a sad-faced problematic novel. "There is no danger to be apprehended from us. We are poor but honest."

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" remarked that while such petty larcenies as those of which "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was accused were to be reprehended, we must push the investigations to the books higher up. He himself had lost some valuable readers. "We must protect ourselves from the depredations of certain malefactors of great literary wealth."

As he sat down he cast a searching glance at the Waverley Novels.

"I hope that all questions involving property rights in readers may be submitted to arbitration," said Disraeli's "Quarrels of Authors." "It would save much ink-shed."

"As for the losses of our honorable friend the 'Decline and Fall,' perhaps another explanation might be given," said Horace Walpole's Letters. "It may only be that his readers are mortal. There

was a remark of my Lord Chesterfield that was famous in its day. When he and his friend Lord Tyrawley had been missed from the gay society in which they had been ornaments, my Lord explained: 'Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known.'"

"Do you know," said James's "Pragmatism," "that I sometimes think that we books take ourselves too seriously. Why should n't our readers slip away from us if they can? It shows their sense. Just because we are bound volumes and sport a table of contents, we think there must be something in us. Sometimes there is, but the relation between printed matter and mind is variable. There is a great deal of superstition in the assumption of our educational value. It is far from absolute. I should n't wonder if we were some day put out of business by the fifteen-cent magazines."

"Hear! hear!" cried Poole's "Index."

"It all depends," said "The Strenuous Life," "on the man behind the book. Now in Africa—"

"Speaking of Africa and of educational values," interrupted Mungo Park's "Travels in the Interior

of Africa," "I have seen a good deal of them both. If you don't mind my repeating myself, I will tell you of a little experience I had. It was some time after I had escaped from Tiggeity Sego, and I was taking leave of the Dooty of Dingyee. I had stayed over night with an old Foulah whose name I now forget. In the morning, as I was about to depart, he, with a great deal of diffidence, begged me to give him a lock of my hair. He had been told that a white man's hair made a *saphie* (charm) that would give the possessor all the knowledge of white men. I had never before heard of so simple a mode of education, but instantly complied with the request; but my landlord's thirst for learning was such that with cutting and pulling he cropped one side of my head pretty closely, and would have done the same with the other had I not signified my disapprobation by putting on my hat and assuring him that I wished to reserve some of the precious merchandise for a future occasion."

"I must make a note of that," said G. Stanley Hall's "Adolescence," taking out his fountain-pen. "It is a very interesting variation in pedagogy. Here is Mr. Mungo Park, who tells us that in

Wassiboo it was supposed that a liberal education could be obtained by cutting off the hair of any traveling gentleman of the Caucasian race. The candidate for a degree evidently followed a strict curriculum. In our colleges, on the other hand, our adolescents firmly believe that a liberal education may be obtained by allowing the hair to grow long and thick about the time of the autumnal equinox. This is a survival of the ancient cult of the gridiron, which is connected with human sacrifices."

"After all," said Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors," "there is a good deal to be said in behalf of this capillary theory of education. It indicates that even in modern times the primitive notion is preserved that education has something to do with the head. The only dubiety is as to whether the educational process shall go on internally or externally. This is but a detail. The superstition that is more common is one by which we books profit. There are those who attribute to us a magic which produces results altogether independent of any activity either within the cerebral cavity or on the superficies of the cranium. They imagine that a book is a perfect substitute for the fatiguing

process of cerebration. Such readers would consider it a work of supererogation to use their own heads. I would admit that this superstition is less rational than that to which our friend 'Travels in the Interior of Africa' refers, but the question is, Should we disturb it? We books must live. Of course we know that we are not really wiser than the people who write us, and we may know no more than the people who read us, but should we take the public into our confidence?"

At this point Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" arose and inquired anxiously whether any reporters were present. On being assured that there were none, he said that he would venture to remark that every book is as wise as he looks and every reader as wise as he feels.

"Still," said Hill's "Rhetoric," "we must remember that we all make mistakes. No book is a hero to his own proof-reader."

Pope's "Essay on Criticism" asked to be allowed to correct his learned friend the "Vulgar Errors," who had accused certain passive readers of not using their heads. It was only fair to say that they allowed their heads to be used free of charge. They are useful as storehouses. Miscellaneous

material left in cold storage was never interfered with, and when called for was found in the same condition in which it arrived. He would therefore repeat the tribute which he had given some time since to —

> The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
> With loads of learned lumber in his head.

"In behalf of some of the most respectable books here present, I would return thanks for such repositories."

"I don't understand all this talk about losing readers," said the Kansas City Directory. "I'm only a plain business book, and I don't pretend to have what you literary fellows call 'style,' but I manage to keep my readers all right. The great thing is to find out what your readers want and give it to them. Now my readers don't want ideas, they want facts; so I give them the facts in the original packages. One of my wealthiest readers told me that for a dozen years he had given up acquaintance with any books but those of my kind. He liked something reliable. He had once, he said, been taken in by one 'Sartor Resartus,' who purported to furnish a Philosophy of Clothes. Being in the clothing line himself he

thought he might get some good ideas. I will not repeat what my friend said, for 'Sartor Resartus' may be present and I would not hurt his feelings. When a reader comes to me I give him what he comes for. The trouble with you fellows who advertise 'culture' is that the readers don't know what it is, and they are not sure whether they get it from you or not."

Here Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" rose to a point of order.

Marie Corelli's Works then read a paper entitled "A Heavy Plea for Light Readers." She argued that the economic law of supply and demand should be more fully recognized in high critical circles. She also argued against government by injunction. A bench of critics had no right to enjoin light readers who were engaged in the pursuit of happiness.

In the discussion that followed, complaint was made that the most troublesome reader of the lighter sort was the humorous reader. He was always finding in a book something which the author had not intended to be seen.

In order to weed out such readers, it was moved that a committee be appointed to be composed

of the clerical members of the convention. It was hoped that their professional gravity might have a restraining effect on those addicted to the lighter vein.

The chair appointed the "Wit and Wisdom" of the Rev. Sydney Smith, "A Sentimental Journey" of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, the "Lyrics" of the Rev. Robert Herrick, and the "Complete Works" of the Very Reverend Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. The "Dunciad" called attention to one "who sits and shakes in Rabelais's easy chair," and said that it should not be forgotten that Rabelais was of the cloth. The chairman declared that it might as well be forgotten, and that he would so rule.

By way of interlude, Chesterton's "Essays" consented to entertain the company as a prestidigitator. He was not, he explained, a prestidigitator, but that made no difference.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the "Essays," "I will not flatter you by saying 'a penny for your thoughts.' I never pay more than the market price for such articles; but I will ask you to lend me a few thoughts, if you happen to have

any about you. Any simple little thing will do; all I ask is that it shall have been long enough in your possession to make you think that it is your own."

Several truisms were handed up, together with one or two brand-new paradoxes.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen; be sure not to take your eyes off your thoughts while they are in my hands; something might happen to them. I suppose you want them back? Certainly, you shall have them. They are of no value except to the owner, but I understand your feeling about them, they have associations. Here they are! By my faith, they do look different.

"Here, madam, is your Orthodoxy, which you handed me just now. It's the newest thing out. So original! How did you get hold of an idea that nobody ever happened on before? It's a great find, and yet you were so demure about it I was deceived at first: you seemed to take it as a mere matter of course. And here, sir, is your Heresy which you allowed me to examine. If you take a good look at it, you will see the name of Athanasius stamped on the right-hand corner. It's genuine old-fashioned fourth-century ortho-

doxy, sixteen hundred years old, if it is a day. It's greatly to your credit that you have it in your possession, for I trust you came by it honestly.

"Will any other lady or gentleman lend me a thought?"

Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" handed up "And things are not what they seem."

"Quite so," said the "Essays," "that's what people generally suppose, but of course the fact is just the contrary. Things are things, and that is just what they seem to be. It is you who are not what you seem. You seem to be philosophizing on the nature of things, but if you would stop to consider you would be convinced that you are doing nothing of the kind."

The "Familiar Quotations" acknowledged that this was perfectly true.

"There must be some trick about all this, I can but think," said a small thin book who stood at the back of the hall.

"Did I hear correctly?" asked the "Essays." "Did you assert, 'I can but think'? Why, my dear sir, that is the one thing you cannot do.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I suppose some of you have by this time got the idea that I am quite

clever and original because I have so many ideas that are different from your own. I assure you that you are altogether mistaken. It is you who are clever, having so many ideas that I can differ with. I am only a plain, plodding, literal-minded person, who cannot understand your brilliant paradoxes. I have contracted the habit of contradicting them at sight, and in nine cases out of ten it turns out that I am right. The results may seem monotonous, but I can't help that."

The Old Librarian shook his head doubtfully, for he had always enjoyed the "Essays," and in spite of his disclaimer he felt that he was really very clever after all. He remembered an illuminating remark of his: "I never in my life said anything because I thought it was funny; though of course I may have had ordinary human vainglory and may have thought it funny because I said it.

"It is one thing to describe an interview with a gorgon or a griffin which never existed; it is another thing to discover that a rhinoceros does exist, and then to take pleasure in the fact that he looks as if he did n't.

"I think we owe a great debt," said the Old Librarian, "to one who makes a specialty of the

things which are true and which look as if they were n't. When the mind gets sluggish from lack of sufficiently varied exercise, and can move only one way, I believe there is great benefit in going to some one like the 'Essays' for vigorous osteopathic treatment."

The spirit of the convention was thoroughly democratic, and yet there was a tendency for certain congenial books to get together. Various groups were thus formed by their natural affinity for certain readers. No greater pleasure exists for the reader than to select the book friends in whose company he has spent many hours; and the books have the same feelings. They always think that their own readers are the best. The Old Librarian had some compunction of conscience when he remembered that he had been compelled to force so many volumes into unnatural and irksome companionship, and to bring them together according to subjects instead of according to personal likings.

He fell in with Sir John Lubbock's "Best Books," and the "Heart of Oak," and many "Select Libraries." There were little groups gathered

around veterans who were giving reminiscences of readers they had known. Homer's Iliad told about nights he had spent with Alexander the Great. After the battle they two would refresh their souls with talk about Achilles and windy Troy. Plato's "Republic" recalled the converse with Hadrian and Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, when they were doing all that heroic rulers could do to arrest the decay of the Roman Empire. When that plan failed he had communed with Augustine in regard to the City of God that was to be the new spiritual empire. After the invasion of the barbarians, he said, he had taken several centuries off, leaving his friend Aristotle to wrestle with the ignorance of the times. About the fifteenth century, he had returned to active life much refreshed, and since then he had known intimately all the men of light and leading. He had, however, little time to dwell upon the past, as the twentieth-century problems were so interesting, and there seemed so little time in which to get ready for the twenty-first. Whereupon he began to talk with all his old-time enthusiasm about the future.

Machiavelli's "Art of War" talked in a breezy fashion of his experience in Virginia, where he

had gone in company with his inseparable friend Captain John Smith. Many were the times when they discussed the question whether the tactics that proved effective in the valley of the Po, or in the passes of the Apennines, would be successful against the Red Indians.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" told of a reader he had met in a backwoods cabin. He was an unformed lad named Abraham Lincoln, who had little acquaintance with books. "I liked him none the less for that. I used to tell him of Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Honest and Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth. One night I told him how Giant Grim and his lions blocked the way of the pilgrims and said that they could go no further along the King's highway. Now Mr. Greatheart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion. And he said, 'These women and children are going on a pilgrimage, and this is the way they must go, and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.' I thought by the light in the boy's eyes that some day if he should meet Giant Grim and his lions he might prove another Greatheart; and so, I am told, he did."

"Isn't it remarkable," said the "Rubaiyát" of

Omar Khayyám, "what little incidents will turn the whole current of our lives? I was over seven hundred years old before I learned English, which I speak now better than I do my native Persian. I fell in quite by accident with a European named Fitz-something-or-other, who introduced me to a new circle, so that I am now living a most exciting life. I find that my most enthusiastic readers live — not in Ispahan, but in Chicago. I have a reader who every evening is suspended from a strap and hurled through space in a machine invented by a malignant whirling dervish. As he sways back and forth, he murmurs to himself, —

> 'A book of verses underneath the Bough,
> A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
> Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!'

"By the way, I remember what a hard time Fitz had over that quatrain.

"'I wish,' he said, 'I could make "Bough" rhyme with "Enough."'

"'It looks like a good rhyme,' I said, spelling the words, 'e-n-o-u-g-h rhymes sufficiently well with b-o-u-g-h.'

"'No, it does n't,' replied Fitz; 'in this lan-

guage if words are spelled the same they are pronounced differently.'

"'Then why don't you spell them differently, and people will pronounce them alike?'

"And so he did, and now every one pronounces 'enow' so as to rhyme with 'bough.'"

"'Enow' is a perfectly good obsolete form," growled the Century Dictionary.

"I am glad to know it," said the "Rubaiyát."

In wandering about, the Old Librarian found himself in the Hall of Fame. Since the time when oral tradition became untrustworthy the reputations of distinguished men have been entrusted to books. Many of the older monuments in the Hall were crumbling and their inscriptions were illegible, but the newer portions presented a scene of brisk activity. Monuments were being prepared for an enormous number of candidates for immortality.

"What an infernal rush!" muttered Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates." "In the old times we were not expected to put down a man's name till a century after his death. Then if we forgot what his name was there was no one else to remember

and make trouble. But now if a distinguished citizen does not find his name mentioned in 'Who's Who' he calls at the office and inquires angrily, 'What's What; and Why?'"

"It's nothing to what it is on my continent," said "Who's Who in South Africa." "Elsewhere genius is sporadic, with us it's epidemic."

"It's even more so down our way," said "Who's Who in Australasia." "Do you happen to know how many poets we have? Pray, look at my list. They are all famous. I suppose that there's something in the climate that accounts for it. Our poets have multiplied prodigiously, owing to the absence of their natural enemies, the critics. You know our poets, of course?"

"Never heard of them," said "Who's Who in Massachusetts."

"What's Massachusetts?" inquired "Who's Who in Australasia." "Why doesn't some one provide us with a 'Where's Where'?"

"That reminds me," murmured Longfellow's Poems, absent-mindedly, —

> "When Mazárvan the Magician
> Journeyed westward through Cathay,
> Nothing heard he but the praises
> Of Badoura on his way.

"But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan,
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

"So it happens with the poets:
Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown."

The Old Librarian was convinced of the wisdom of those who urged the over-ambitious readers to make the intimate acquaintance of a few good books who would stay by them through life. For their own pleasure and profit they must make a choice of friends, and a few real friends are worth a host of ill-assorted acquaintances. He was not therefore disturbed by the good-natured chaffing which always accompanies the attempt at bringing together those who ought to know each other.

There are little jealousies among books, and it is impossible to please all of them. He was conscious of this when, in a corner of the hall, he saw a number of books chosen for their especial serviceableness being seated on a divan five feet long. Each as his name was called came forward

with a look of modest merit, while betraying a momentary surprise as he glanced at his neighbor. This is only book-nature. "John Woolman's Journal," finding himself not far from the "Arabian Nights," was ill at ease.

"Friend, I fear thou art one of the world's people, being decked in gay apparel. I warn thee against vanities."

He was reassured by seeing one of William Penn's works in close converse with Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

Five feet, though ample to accommodate any one reader's intimate book friends, is rather a small space, and however wise the choice, some excellent candidates are sure to be left out. This necessarily causes criticism.

When "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" was invited, there was some hard feeling among the other works of Robert Browning. "Saul" maintained a dignified silence, and "Sordello" looked on with enigmatic calm; but "Pippa Passes" whispered pettishly to "The Ring and the Book." Some people, she said, were just as good as some other people.

Most of the invited books were quite sober,

but "Tam O'Shanter" was evidently a little intoxicated by his success. "Sorry that you've been left out," he said to Wordsworth's "Excursion," slapping him on the back. "But we don't think any less of you because you are not in our set. As a friend of mine said, 'A book 's a book for a' that and a' that.'"

"When it 's so crowded," answered the "Excursion," "you have the advantage over me in being rather slight."

"Good-morrow!" said Walton's "Compleat Angler" to Emerson's "Essays." "It 's pleasant to see new faces. We old fellows find such occasions a little sad. So many old friends drop out. I am a survivor of Dr. Johnson's list of serviceable books. You know he made out a list for young Mr. Astle of Ashbourne in Derbyshire, brother of the learned and ingenious Thomas Astle, Esquire. It was the first time that my name had been mentioned in this way. No other honors have ever given me such pleasure. Perhaps you would like to know some of my companions at that time. I have the list in Dr. Johnson's own handwriting. Among them are Puffendorf's 'Introduction to History,' Carte's 'History of England,'

Clarendon's 'History,' 'The Duty of Man,' Watt's 'Improvement of the Mind,' Sherlock's 'Sermons,' Law's 'Serious Call,' Prideaux's 'Connection,' Shuckford's 'Connection,' 'Nature Displayed.' I could hardly believe it when I found myself in that distinguished company, actually seated between Law's 'Serious Call' and Sandys's 'Travels.' This, I said, is fame."

The "Compleat Angler" was almost overcome by his emotion.

"Pardon me," he said; "as one of my good friends has taken my seat, I will go down on the floor and see if I can't find some of the old crowd and arrange for a reunion. Ah! I see Clarendon's 'History.' He 's still extant, though he looks a little lonely. I see the 'Serious Call,' but where 's 'The Duty of Man'? I wish I could come across Sandys's 'Travels.' And here, last and not least on Dr. Johnson's list, are 'Some Commentaries on the Bible.' I wish I could remember which they were. I wonder if I shall recognize them. There is such a strong family resemblance among commentaries. I am afraid I should not know 'Nature Displayed,' though I have a vague

recollection that he was a great swell in his day."

At last they were all seated.

"Rather a tight squeeze," said Plutarch's "Lives."

"Yes," said Bacon's "Essays," "reading maketh a full man."

"Where 's Shakespeare's Works?" inquired Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus."

"You may search me," said Bacon's "Essays."

They were so pleasant and cheery that the Old Librarian was impelled to go about and seek out his own cronies and bring them together in some little space. They were good friends, whom he was always happy to meet. It was only when he got them together that he was aware what a miscellaneous collection they were. The only thing which they had in common was his liking for them, but this it proved was a sufficient bond.

It was quite late when a party of gay young volumes of fashion who had been attending a coming-out party of one of their number, passed

through the corridors. As they looked into a tiny room they saw the Old Librarian seated in the middle of a circle of cheerful old volumes. They were singing, —

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> And the days of auld lang syne?"

"I wonder," said the youngest of the party, "whether any of us will ever give so much pleasure."

IN PRAISE OF POLITICIANS

"I HAD as lief be a Brownist as a politician," said bibulous Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. Sir Andrew expressed the sentiment of his class. Since the time when a little band of Brownists sailed away to Massachusetts Bay, the sect has come into better repute, but "politician" is still used as a term of disparagement. And curiously enough, it is never so frequently used in this way as among the descendants of those Brownists who in the cabin of the Mayflower organized themselves into a "body politic."

European observers continually express surprise at the American attitude toward politics. In England, politics is the national sport. People follow each move with eager interest, and discuss the idiosyncrasies of the players. The debates in Parliament, with the thrust and counterthrust of keen wit, furnish entertainment for the kingdom. It is preëminently a gentleman's game, and success gives real distinction.

In America we do not exhibit such a sportsmanlike spirit. We take our political pleasures sadly. The average American citizen admits that politicians need watching, but it does not occur to him that it is as interesting to watch them as to watch a football game. There is a sinister suggestion in the phrase "to play politics."

There are several reasons for this lack of appreciation. For one thing, the rules which we have adopted make the game itself less interesting to the spectator than it is in some other countries. In the British Parliament a crisis may come at any time. An alert opposition is always waiting for a chance to turn the government out. A mistake has results that are immediate. There is a spectacular appeal to the country. In Washington a majority party may make the most stupid blunder, and nothing happens except that it goes on becoming more stupid. When the people come to the conclusion that it is in a permanently comatose condition, they decently remove it from its sphere of non-action.

The territorial magnitude of the United States makes it difficult to focus attention on any one place. In a compact country where the newspapers

of the capital reach every part on the same day, it is easy to become acquainted with all the principal contestants. The spectators have an unrestricted view of the field. But it is hard to interest the people of Maine and the people of Idaho in the same persons or policies. It takes an appreciable length of time for a wave of public opinion to cross the continent. The "favorite son" of one state may have all the virtues necessary for a national hero, but it is a task of some magnitude and difficulty to advertise his existence to forty or forty-five oblivious commonwealths, especially if their attention is distracted by favorite sons of their own.

All this is but to say that the way of the politician is hard, but beyond this is the fact that his calling is not highly esteemed. A machine used in mixing cement is advertised as "The Mixer that makes money." The ordinary American would accept this as an adequate definition of a politician.

One learns after a while not to quarrel with the Dictionary. If a word falls into bad habits of thought and takes up wicked associations, it is usually impossible to reform it. There, for exam-

ple, is the word "villain." It originally indicated a farm laborer. Poor fellow, he had a hard time and was more sinned against than sinning. But the gentry who sinned against him had more influence than he in making the language. Their grumblings against his shortcomings have been incorporated into English speech, and now we think of a villain as a very bad character — indeed one of the worst. My blood boils — philologically considered — when I think of the bundle of prejudices bound up in this single word. But what can I do about it? If at a meeting for the Uplift of Country Life I were to express my sympathy with all villains, and declare that I would like to return to the soil and do the work of a villain, I am sure my remarks would be misconstrued. If my speech were reported, I should lose membership in the Grange.

In this case we let the unfortunate word go, because we have another to describe the agricultural sons of toil. We can talk of "churls" and "villains" without any indignity to labor. The history of such words is instructive. First the word is descriptive of a class; then it becomes a term of reproach for that class; then the class

emerges from the shadow of reproach and the word is left hanging in mid-air. It is a garment of dispraise left for evil-doers in general.

We might leave the word "politician" to be used in the bad sense if we had another which we might use in a good sense.

The shifty, self-seeking politician has always been a well-known character. He stands in the same relation to serious politics that the shyster does to the profession of law, or the quack to medicine. Every army has its camp-followers, every living body its parasites. But in this case the lower has not only usurped the name of the higher, but has also obscured its function. The term "politician" has been handed over to the political quack, and we have no name left by which to designate the regular practitioner. It is as if we had only one name for all who do business on the great waters, and were unable to discriminate between the merchant and the pirate.

We make an attempt to disguise our verbal poverty by speaking highly of the impeccable person whom we call a "statesman." But this lip-service is hollow. If you were to ask for a list of contemporary statesmen, you would be told that

your inquiry was premature. The statesman is an historical character. His virtues are associated with obituaries. Moreover, the conception of a statesman does not include that which is fundamental to the politician, namely, the ability to get himself elected.

We have borrowed from the Romans the term "candidate," or white-robed one. The Roman citizen announced his willingness to serve the Republic in an official position by appearing in a loose white toga. It was white to symbolize the candor of his nature, and was worn loose so that he might more easily display his scars. Our political prudery makes us shrink from the idea of open candidacy. The demure statesman of the popular imagination is supposed to act strictly on the principle that the office must seek the man. But we should hardly call one a politician who was not willing to meet the office at least halfway. He would say, "My dear Office, I hear that you are seeking a Man. It is a pleasant coincidence, for here I am."

Milton ventured to use the word "politicaster" to indicate the person who stands to the real politician in the same relation that the poetaster does

to the poet. He is one of the large and ambitious family of the Would-Be's. He imitates what he is incapable of understanding. Let us adopt the term politicaster, and then enjoy the experience of expressing our heartfelt admiration for the honorable and quick-witted gentlemen who bear without reproach the grand old name of politician; a name "defamed by every charlatan, and soiled by all ignoble use."

The politicaster shall be our scapegoat. We shall hurl at him all the familiar disparaging epithets, we shall put upon him all the shame of our cities and the disgraces of our legislatures, and send him into the wilderness. Then we may sit down and converse on the most interesting and important of all human affairs — politics — and on the men who choose politics as a lifework.

But because the poor politicaster is a sinner, we need not disdain to learn from him something as to the nature of politics. The dullest poetaster who ever put pen to paper can tell us something about verse. He knows, for example, that the lines begin with capital letters, and that they end with a rhyme, unless it be blank verse. All this is, as Carlyle would say, "significant of much." It

indicates the important fact that poetry is in some way or other different from prose. Many scientific teachers of literature never find this out; the poetaster discovers it because he has been trying to make poetry, though he has hard luck.

So the politicaster is trying to be a politician according to his lights. He discovers that politics is different from some other things, as for instance from a Sunday School. This discovery fills him with such glee that he never tires of proclaiming it. He also discovers that politics is different from a Nervine Institute. He assures you that he is not in politics for his health. He is able to see that politics may be differentiated from Jurisprudence and Moral Science and many other excellent things. He learns that it may have an existence that is independent of the sister arts of Grammar or Elocution. He knows that in order to have "influence" it is not necessary to thrill listening senates. Indeed, he has observed that, for the most part, senates do not listen. He resolves to practice the industrial virtues. While the Scholar in Politics is delighting the intellectuals who do not frequent the polls, the humble politicaster "saws wood," "grinds axes," and

"looks after his fences," and "rolls logs," and walks softly in "gum shoes."

The Honorable George Washington Plunkett of Tammany Hall declared that he wished but one inscription to be placed upon his tombstone: "He seen his opportunity and he took it." Here you have the starting-point of all politics, good or bad. Opportunism is the protoplasm out of which all varieties are evolved. Politics consists not in making programmes, or in passing judgment on accomplished facts, but in seeing and seizing opportunities. Now, opportunities are kittle cattle. They do not stand around waiting to be taken home and brought up by hand. A man may be very honorable, and conscientious, and even erudite, and may never have seen an opportunity in his life. The politicaster is looking for small opportunities, — for such pickings and stealings as a careless public may leave for those of his kind. The great politician is looking for great opportunities. He knows that he can do nothing till they come, but he must be prepared to recognize them instantly, and to grasp them in the brief moment when they are within his reach.

Said Abraham Lincoln, "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess that events have controlled me. Now at the end of three years' struggle the nation's condition is not what either party or any man desired or expected."

There spoke not the dignified statesman of the academic tradition who moulds events as the sculptor moulds his clay. Lincoln spoke as a high-minded, quick-witted politician, dealing, as every politician must, with the unexpected. Events happen. The politician happens along at the same time. Their encounter makes history. The man of science can prepare for his experiments in the laboratory. He can literally *make* experiments. Not so the politician. He cannot make an experiment, he *is* an experiment. And if he fails he is not sure that the public will care to make him again.

"Life," said Marcus Aurelius, "is not so much like dancing as like wrestling." That is to say, the movements are not determined by music, but by the motions of an alert antagonist — it is catch as catch can. Abraham Lincoln and Marcus Aurelius and George Washington Plunkett would agree that politics consists, not in the acceptance of

abstract formulas, but in being quick to catch opportunities. The difference of opinion would come in the answer to the question, "Opportunities for what?"

Matthew Arnold, writing of Man and Nature, says, —

> Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
> And in that more lie all his hopes of good.

One may say that the good politician has all that the politicaster has and more, and in that more lies all his hope of winning the lasting admiration of mankind; but his high disinterested virtues must be built upon political virtues of the common sort. The politician must not be above his business. He must be "a good mixer," he must understand the meaning of loyalty to friends and comrades, he must have a shrewd sense of the difference between an accomplished fact and a work that it is desirable to accomplish, he must know the value and the limitation of organization, he must be sensitive to public opinion and must not confound it with the opinion of his own class. Dealing with human nature, he must know the strength of his materials, he must be quick-witted and patient and tolerant, and if he falls he

must be able to pick himself up before other people know that he has fallen.

The work necessary for obtaining influence which the politicaster does furtively, the man who takes politics seriously does with noble and engaging frankness. Even log-rolling may be redeemed from its vulgar implications. After all, the old-time merry-making of the frontier furnished the best symbol of political action in a democracy. All the settlers gathered in the clearings to do together what no one could do alone. "You help roll my logs and I will help roll yours." In this reciprocity in effort there was nothing unworthy. It is only when the bargain is underhanded and cannot be proclaimed in the light of day, that it becomes dangerous.

The good politician rolls his logs in public, and is not ashamed of his job. He needs the help of others, and he knows that others need his help. When a hundred honorable men come together, each with a purpose of his own, each must expect to yield something if he is to gain anything. It is likely that more than one good measure will be proposed, and if one is skillful, good measures may be made to help one another. Here, without

any sacrifice of honor, is a wide field for good fellowship and tolerance. The austere, uncompromising patriot, whose mind is impenetrable when it is once made up, who is incapable of sympathizing with other men's aspirations, and who insists on all or nothing, is an egotist who does great service when he happens to be right. Unfortunately it often happens that he is wrong, and then his private conscience must be overcome by the common sense of the crowd.

The politicaster is a mere time-server. The politician also aspires to serve the time, but in more manly fashion. He must meditate long on the third chapter of Ecclesiastes: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: . . . a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; . . . a time to break down, and a time to build up; . . . a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; . . . a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace."

The politician's problem is to know when these times come around. There is no one to help him. He must be his own alarm-clock. It is of the na-

ture of his calling that his duty is unpredictable. His conscience can keep no regular office-hours. It must be prepared at any moment for a hurry call. It must be "to true occasion true."

But what is the occasion? Does it demand boldness or moderation? Should he go slowly or with decisive swiftness? His political sagacity is tested by his dealings with facts which he cannot fully understand. It is not a written examination to which he is subjected when he has ample leisure to present his matured thought. He must be able to read the signs of the times at sight.

One reason why we are likely to speak slightingly of the ethics of the politician is that he can never exhibit his good qualities systematically. Benjamin Franklin tells us how he developed his character by choosing thirteen virtues, and, for convenience in book-keeping, practicing only one at a time. By giving a week to each virtue, he was able to go through a course complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year.

Franklin's method seems more adapted to his earlier life as a tradesman than to his later career as a politician. The politician cannot arrange his moral stock-in-trade in an orderly fashion, and

have a special bargain-day for each virtue. When the Occasion demands bold action, it will hardly do to ask it to call again, as this week is devoted to Caution and General Benevolence.

That formal consistency which is so much admired in good society is not for him. A member of Parliament solemnly declared to the House, "I take my stand on progress." Whereupon Disraeli remarked, "It occurs to me that progress is a somewhat slippery thing to take one's stand on." The fact is that under such circumstances a dignified stand is hardly possible; the best one can do is to keep moving.

The politician must expect to be misunderstood by those who do not deal with his large and complicated problems. His moral courage is tested by the way in which he meets the criticism of those who should be his friends, but who unfortunately are not. Cardinal Newman wrote, —

> Time was I shrank from what was right
> From fear of what was wrong.

He tells us how at last he cast aside that "finer sense" and that "sorer shame" because he learned that "such dread of sin was indolence."

It is a lesson that the high-minded politician learns. There is a moral indolence which manifests itself in dread of sin and of any personal contact with sinners. When any radical measure of reform is proposed, the reformer must be prepared to meet, not only the opposition of those whose selfish interests have been disturbed, but the opposition of good people who have been made uncomfortable by his revelations of unwelcome truth.

When he has overcome this twofold opposition and has begun constructive work, he will meet the criticism of the pure idealists, who, seeing that he has done so much, now demand of him an impossible perfection.

I have always sympathized with Hercules. After each labor he would come home tired, but feeling that he had done a creditable day's work. Being human, — or at least half-human, — Hercules would wait for a bit of appreciation. At last he would say modestly, —

"I wrestled to-day with the Nemean lion and I rather think I got the best of him."

"That 's nothing," would be the chilly answer. "It is a mere temporizing with evil. While you

are about it why don't you slay the Lernean hydra? A lion is a mere detail, the hydra is the thing."

When he had come back from cleansing the Augean stables, he would be reminded that he had n't seized the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons, or brought the golden apples from the Garden of the Hesperides, or brought up Cerberus from Hades. He probably was afraid of the dog.

Such twitting on facts must be expected by every one who leaves the "still air" of delightful studies "to plunge into a sea of noises and hoarse disputes." The politician deals confessedly with the Expedient. Now, it is the fate of the Expedient to be brought always into comparison with the Best. Indeed, the Expedient is a poor relation of the Best, — it is the Best Possible under the Circumstances. It is a superlative that has gone into business and must work for its living. It has to be a good manager in order to get along at all; and its rich relatives, the Absolute Bests of Utopia Centre, are always blaming it because it does not get on faster.

Because the politician is concerned with questions of expediency, it does not follow that his

morality is less high than that of his critics. It only means that his moral problems are more complicated than theirs. He has not merely to satisfy his personal conscience, but to appeal to the consciences of those whose coöperation is necessary for any large undertaking. In every decision he has to consider the actual alternative, and assume responsibility for results. He has in mind, not a single circumstance, but always a train of circumstances.

As there is preventive medicine, so there is preventive politics. It deals with evils before they have time to develop. It treats causes rather than symptoms. The practitioner of preventive politics is looked upon with distrust by those of the old school. They treat the ills of yesterday according to well-known formulas, but it seems to them visionary to attempt to forestall the ills of tomorrow.

Because of its complexity, politics has often been treated as a black art. Indeed, its ways have at many times been devious and dark. But, like all other arts, its general trend is toward simplicity. The modern Boss, who prides himself on his Machiavellian craft, and who seeks to accom-

plish results by indirection, is a quaint survival of a former order of things. His old-fashioned methods are those which were highly successful in the days before compulsory education and the daily newspaper and the telegraph and the telephone enabled the people to have that familiarity with their bosses which breeds contempt.

Machiavelli based his statecraft on the assumption that deceit deceives. He informed his prince that it was necessary to cultivate the good-will of his people, for on this his power ultimately depended. Now, the people demanded of their rulers fidelity, friendship, humanity, and religion. Said the political adviser, "It is unnecessary for a prince to have all these good qualities which I have enumerated, but it is very necessary to *appear* to have them." He goes on to say that it would be a decided advantage not to have qualities which one should appear to have, as it would leave much greater freedom of action.

The art of politics as thus expounded is simplicity itself. It is to tell lies in such a manner as not to get found out till the lies have had time to do their work. Of course, a lie has its natural enemies who will eventually get the better of it;

but if it has a sufficient start it will accomplish its purpose.

It will be seen that this method of statecraft depends for its success on a time-allowance. There must be a sufficient interval between the utterance of the political lie and its refutation. A lie must get itself believed by its victims for a long enough time to allow them to act upon it. Otherwise it is "a vain thing for safety."

Up to comparatively recent times these conditions existed. It might be months after an event happened before it was known to any but a little circle of the initiated. Under such conditions the arts of concealment flourished.

Among the English gentlemen of the seventeenth century there was none of nobler disposition than Sir Henry Wotton. He wrote with perfect sincerity, —

> How happy is he born or taught
> Who serveth not another's will,
> Whose armor is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his utmost skill.

But Sir Henry Wotton was also an accomplished diplomat, and on his way to Venice as ambassador of James I he gave his famous definition, "An

ambassador is an honest gentleman who lies abroad for the good of his country."

Modern improvements in the means for the diffusion of knowledge have not brought about the millennium, but they have reduced the old statecraft to a condition of inglorious futility. "The fine Italian hand" is now seen only in peanut politics. When a falsehood can be contradicted as soon as it is uttered, it has no longer sufficient capital on which to do a large business. The practical politician will ask, "Why not tell the truth in the first place?"

Purists are always scolding because so many persons misuse the verb "transpire." We are reminded that an event does not transpire when it happens, but only when it becomes known to the public. There was a time when this was a very important distinction, but nowadays we are inclined to disregard it, because the two things are generally simultaneous.

An illustration of the change that has taken place within a very few years may be seen in the history of the campaign lie, known in American politics as the "roorbach." The name first became current in 1844, when a mendacious statement,

purporting to be taken from Roorbach's "Tour through the Western and Southern States," was published with the intent to destroy Mr. Polk's chances for the presidency. Under conditions then existing, it was thought safe to launch this falsehood two months before the election. By 1880, when the Morey letter was sprung upon Garfield, the expectancy of life for the roorbach had been reduced to two weeks. At present the warning, "Look out for roorbachs" does not appear till forty-eight hours before the voting begins. This alarming decrease in the longevity of the roorbach must convince even the most "astute" politicaster that it is a bad risk.

Thanks to modern invention, the accomplished truth-teller is now more than a match for the most accomplished liar. There is an ever-widening field in which the honest man may show his utmost skill. But to win success in the field, he must deal with truth, not as a man of science, but as a politician. It is not a thing to be analyzed, classified, and put on the shelf. He is on the lookout for a truth that will be effective, a solid chunk that he can use as a missile. The more obvious it is, the better. His business is to give it initial velocity.

Modern democracy depends for its very existence on publicity. This is its armor of light, by which it is protected from its insidious foes. But while we all agree to this in the abstract, yet there lingers with us the feeling that publicity is vulgar. James Russell Lowell, stanch believer as he was in an ideal democracy, yet confessed that he was "a born disciple of an elder time," and instinctively shrank from the —

> Self-maker with the prying eyes,
> This creature disenchanted of respect
> By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,
> Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere its smutch.

This scholarly fastidiousness must be overcome before we can do justice to those who do our greatest and most needed work. It is not to the disparagement of a public man to say that he enjoys the element in which he must work. A retiring disposition has a rare charm of its own, but it is not a political virtue. Everything must here be writ large, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err in regard to it. The revival hymn says, —

> Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone,
> Dare to have a purpose true and dare to make it known.

The private citizen may be content to have a purpose true; a politician must meditate in the night-watches over the best way of making it known. This requires a good deal of moral advertising. Self-assertion is here necessary. Pushing is frowned upon in polite society, but in politics one who is not inclined to push is likely to yield to the pull. Especially is this quality of personal aggressiveness needed when any advance movement is contemplated.

Said John Morley, "Men are so engaged by the homely pressure of each day as it comes, and the natural solicitudes of common life are so instant, that a bad institution or a monstrous piece of misgovernment is always endured in patience for years after the remedy has been urged on public attention. No cure is considered with an accurate mind until the evil has become too sharp to be borne, or its whole force and might brought irresistibly before the world by its more ardent, penetrative, and indomitable spirits."

That is but to say that a reformer with a genius for politics will sometimes deliberately resolve to do for a nation what otherwise could be done only by a sudden calamity too sharp to be borne. He

determines to make himself unbearable. He hammers away at one point, and keeps himself before the public in a way that may well offend the sensibilities of the Anti-noise Society.

Those who do not know what he is driving at naturally think of him as a robustious fellow who seeks "to split the ears of the groundlings," while he "makes the judicious grieve." But the analogy drawn from the theatre is misleading. He is not an actor seeking applause, he is a social engineer intent on developing power for a particular purpose. If the groundlings have the power, he directs his attention to them. As for the judicious, they will grieve anyway. They will get over it when they have time to see what it is all about.

A leader must not be too modest to lead. He must have some way of apprising his followers of his whereabouts. This is not for the satisfaction of personal vanity, but to accomplish results.

I can imagine Robin Hood saying politely to the Sheriff of Nottingham, "My Lord Sheriff, you must pardon me for blowing my own horn. I assure you that I did not do it to draw your attention to myself. When I saw you riding through the forest, so well attended, my one desire was to

be self-effacing. I would not wittingly have intruded my poor presence upon such a gallant company. But since this was not to be, I should like to present some stout gentlemen of my acquaintance who are more worthy than I of your lordship's attention. Ah! here they come skipping o'er the lea!"

In the higher ranges of politics, self-assertion — instead of implying egotism — indicates self-absorption in a great work. Cobden, when he was making a moral issue of the repeal of the Corn Laws, said, "The only way in which the soul of a great nation can be stirred is by appealing to its sympathies with a true principle in its unalloyed simplicity. Nay, further, it is necessary for the concentration of a people's mind that an individual should be the incarnation of a principle."

Here we come upon ground unknown to the politicaster. He who aspires to play politics in this heroic fashion must be above all paltry subterfuges. To incarnate a great popular principle, a man must have not only keen intelligence, but also a large heart and a vivid imagination. He must be a man of the people, and idealize the

people. "Here is that which moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars."

He cannot understand it by putting "his ear to the ground." He must himself have a massive simplicity of character, and be moved by the same forces. He must be not only intellectually, but actually, a representative man.

One who would represent a commonwealth must realize what a commonwealth is. Let us take Milton's conception of it as "a huge Christian personage, as compact of virtue as of body, the growth and stature of an honest man." It may be objected that this is an ideal, and that the actual commonwealth may be neither Christian nor compactly virtuous. Leaving out, then, that which is qualitative, let us fix our minds on that which is quantitative. A commonwealth may not be more virtuous than an individual, but it is certainly bigger. If we conceive of it as a personage, we must think of it as a *huge* personage. It requires an effort of the imagination to comprehend it. A nation may commit great sins and be greatly punished, but it should not be charged with petty larcenies. The querulous critic who scolds it as he would a spoiled child, has not learned the primer of politics.

A commonwealth is not only big, but, at least in relation to its own citizens, it must be thought of as honest. This follows from its bigness. Dishonesty is the attempt of a part to obtain what belongs to another part or to the whole. But it is hard to conceive of the whole as engaged in a deliberate robbery, for it has no one to rob but itself, and it must rob itself for its own benefit. The self-interest of a commonwealth is but interest in the common weal, and against this there is no law.

We may think of a commonwealth as a huge and honest personage who means well, but who has never made himself fully articulate. He manifests his more permanent ideas in laws and customs and social usages; but in dealing with the events of the passing hour, he must employ interpreters.

Like Nebuchadnezzar, he has his soothsayers, and Chaldeans, and magicians to interpret his dreams. They have long been with him, and are skilled in reading his habitual thoughts. But sometimes it happens that the huge personage has a new dream and has forgotten what it was. Then he calls his soothsayers, but the wise men

only shake their heads. If he will kindly describe his dream they will tell him what it means. Which learned indecision makes the huge personage very angry. So he seeks out some one who has dreams of his own, whose soul has been stirred by vague forebodings of impending change.

Happy is the nation which in time of perplexity can find an interpreter. The old order, he says, changes; but if we act resolutely we may have part in the new order. It is a time when quick intelligence and courage point out the only safe courses.

> Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes;
> She scans the future with the eye of gods.

The hero in politics is one who has convinced the people that he possesses this higher prudence. They recognize him when he separates himself from the crowd of petty politicians, by sacrificing a small advantage that he may seize a large opportunity. He is the man they were looking for; they hail him leader, for he is the one who "all alone stands hugely politic." The master-strokes of policy have been made by such men. With popular sentiment behind them, they have been able to overturn the best-laid plans of those who

have grown gray in the work of political manipulation.

But is not this hero-worship dangerous? Yes, all heroic exaltation is dangerous, but the danger is not to the hero-worshipers, but to the hero.

Those who are tremulous about the fate of the Republic have a distressing notion that free nations have often perished because some great citizen has been too much admired and trusted. The idea is that an innocent nation may be betrayed by its affections. It loves not wisely but too well. It trusts the fond professions of a friend of the people who betrays the confidence that he has gained, and straightway turns tyrant.

One hates to disturb such a pretty sentimental theory; but I have to confess to a great skepticism when I hear this lover's complaint. Nations "have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Nations have frequently tired of freedom and yielded themselves to tyrants, but not because of guileless trust in false professions. The tyrants did not gain their power by first inspiring the people with a love of liberty, and then suddenly using that power to enslave them.

Of course, we must expect to hear of Cæsar

and Cromwell and Napoleon; they are always with us when we are asked to view with alarm any one whom the people delight to honor. But when we look more closely at these formidable personages, we find a singular consistency in their characters and careers. They deceived nobody, least of all their contemporaries. Had Cato crossed the Rubicon, or Hampden driven out the Parliament, or Mirabeau proclaimed himself Emperor, we might have a clear case of breach of promise. But Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon did what might reasonably have been expected. In each case the hour had struck when the Man of the Hour arrived to do the work which awaited. People at the time were looking for just such a man as he.

But who believes that Washington, had he been capable of yielding to a foolish ambition, could have used the love and reverence of his countrymen to make him king? The proverbial complaint of the ingratitude of republics is an indication that popular enthusiasm is not primarily for a person but for a cause. So long as the person and the cause are associated, they share alike in the loyalty that has been awakened. But when

they are disassociated, the person shrinks. The Irish people idolized Daniel O'Connell. But suppose at the height of his power over the affections of the people O'Connell had renounced the cause of Ireland. Instantly the figure of the Liberator would have vanished into thin air. The "great" man who treats his greatness as if it were a private possession is speedily disillusioned by a change of fortune. His grandiose schemes come to naught, for, in Milton's sonorous phrase, he "has rambled in the huge topography of his own vain thoughts."

The fact is that there is no device for a referendum that can express more accurately the exact shadings of the popular will than the admiration for a great man. It is effective only so long as it is spontaneous. It is a popular initiative that is always safeguarded by the possibility of an immediate recall.

Here is a man after the people's own heart. He represents qualities which they share. He has won their confidence by doing in a conspicuous manner work which they believe ought to be done. Their power is behind him. But what if, once in the Seat of the Mighty, he decides to use his power for ends that they do not approve? All

that we can say is that he has made a political blunder. He has forgotten that in a democracy the Seat of the Mighty is the Siege Perilous. The man through whose personality is expressed the aspiration of a great people is no longer his own master. He must be what people think he is, or he is undone. The Lost Leader is deemed a traitor, and yet his only treason is to the ideal which he has created in the minds of others.

To achieve a great reputation is to have an increase of power, but it is power moving only in one direction. The great man is swept along in the atmospheric currents of popular expectation. No one has yet invented a dirigible reputation.

When William Pitt accepted a peerage, he did only the usual thing. But he had forgotten the secret of his own power. Pitt was the Great Commoner. Amid the welter of sordid interests he stood as the symbol of proud incorruptibility. When he became Lord Chatham, men seemed to hear the mocking cry of aristocratic placemen, "He hath become one of us."

Webster, in his speech of the 7th of March, 1850, made a plea for a compromise to save the Union, which was looked upon by his fellow sen-

ators as thoroughly statesmanlike. But from thousands of his followers who had most idealized him, and to whom he had been almost a demi-god, came the bitter cry, "Ichabod, the glory hath departed."

So far from its being an easy thing for a popular politician to use his popularity according to his own wish, it is difficult to direct it in any way whatever. Political strategy differs from military strategy in that there can be no concealment in regard to the objective. If the leader conceals his intentions, his followers become suspicious and desert him. The strategic retreat or the change of base is, therefore, a hazardous operation. Fabius, had he been in politics instead of war, would have found it well-nigh impossible to keep his forces together.

The skill of a great politician consists not in the ability to outwit his opponents, but in his ability to keep in check his more impetuous partisans without cooling their moral ardor. He must insist on doing one thing at a time, and yet so win their confidence that they shall believe that when that thing has been done he may be depended upon to take with equal courage the next

necessary step. When he acts with prudence, he must see to it that his prudence is not mistaken for cowardice or sloth.

It was in his power of sun-clear exposition that Lincoln was preëminent. In his letter to Horace Greeley in 1862 he expounded his principles of political expediency in a way that could be "understanded of the people." "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy Slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about Slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I believe that what I am doing hurts the cause. I shall do more whenever I believe that doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors: and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty,

and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

Here two things are made perfectly clear, the personal wish and the official duty. Abraham Lincoln, the man, wished every man everywhere to be free: let friend and foe alike be aware of this. But Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, had a task to which everything else must be subordinated. His sworn duty was to save the Union, and no ulterior desire could be allowed to interfere with that. To save the Union he needed the help of those who believed in the immediate abolition of slavery, and he needed the help of those who did not so believe. And he was able to receive the help of both, because he took both into his confidence.

The tragic blunders of the era of reconstruction came from the lack of such magnanimous politics. Lincoln would have made no mystery of the duty of the day, and he would have made it clear that it was a new day. He would have called upon the men of the South and the men of the North to lay aside their animosities as things irrelevant, in order together to save their common country

from new perils. It took the ordinary politician a quarter of a century to see what the great politician could see in an instant,—that the Civil War was over. What miseries were endured, and what injustices were done, because well-intentioned leaders lacked the quality of moral quick-wittedness!

If war is the game of kings, politics is the game of free peoples. There is no form of human activity which calls into play so many qualities at once, or which demands the constant exercise of such energetic virtue.

"Like a poet hidden in the light of thought," the politician's private conscience is hidden in the light of his public duty. He is himself a poet —a maker. He works not through words, but through the impulses and convictions of other men. His materials are the most ordinary — the events of the passing day, and the crude averages of unselected humanity. He takes them as they come, and remoulds them nearer to the heart's desire. Out of the conflicting aims of the multitudes of individuals, he creates the harmonies of concerted action.

To some the praise of politicians may seem

but the glorification of worldly success. "But what," they ask, "about the failures? The world acclaims the hero who marches to triumph at the head of a great people. But what of one who is far in advance of his own time, the lonely champion of unpopular truth, who dies unrecognized by the world he serves?"

The answer must be that there are good and great men whom we praise for other qualities than those of the politician. Their high function it is to proclaim ideas that are not affected by the changing circumstances of their own day. They belong to the ages, and not to a single generation. Their fame is dateless.

But, on the other hand, we must recognize the fact that one may be in advance of his age and yet closely related to it, as an effective politician. The politician aims at success, but it is not necessary that the success should be personal. It is the final issue of the struggle which must be kept in mind.

The politician is quick to seize an opportunity, but it may be only the opportunity to make a beginning in a work so vast that it cannot be completed in his own lifetime. He may deliberately

ally himself to the party of the future, and labor to-day for results that cannot appear till the day after to-morrow. He may see that the surest way to the attainment of his ultimate purpose is through the ruins of his own fortunes, and he may choose to take that way.

In all this he is still within the range of practical politics, and is concerned with the adaptation of means to ends. He is dealing with the issues not of a day, but of a century. It is not safe to say that a politician has failed till the returns are all in.

As the true sequence of events becomes plain, History revises our judgments in regard to political sagacity. We begin to see who were the leaders, and who were the blindly led.

There have been martyrs who in the hour of their agony have been far-seeing politicians. They have been sustained not so much by a beatific vision as by their clear foresight of the public consequences of the blunder of their adversaries. They have calculated the force of the revulsion of feeling that was sure to follow an act of cruel injustice. It was in this mood that heroic Hugh Latimer watched the fagots that were being piled

around him. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Latimer's words were justified by the events. Those martyr fires, manfully endured, determined the policy of the nation.

Here good politics and good ethics are one. No cause has ever triumphed through clever management alone. There is always need for the leader, who, without regard to what may happen to himself, is resolved to play the man.

MY MISSIONARY LIFE IN PERSIA

WITH SOME REMARKS ON LIKING ONE'S JOB

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I

AMONG the most persistent of my early dreams was that of being a missionary. I wanted to be a missionary before it occurred to me that I had any particular doctrine to communicate or manner of life to recommend. Indeed I now perceive that my call was more of Nature than of Grace.

I wanted to be a missionary because I longed to go on missionary journeys. The call of the wild, the lure of the unknown, the fascination of terrestrial mystery takes many forms. It is all a part of the romance of Geography, which has survived even the invention of maps.

When one is eleven and going on twelve, there comes a great longing to go to the Antipodes, to visit No Man's Land, to wander through forsaken cities, to climb lonely towers, and to look out through —

magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas.

In different generations this demand has been variously met. The institutions of civilization, besides their primary objects, have had the secondary function of satisfying the youthful desire to go into a far country, a desire not of the Prodigal alone. Patriotism, Religion, Commerce, each has its finger-post pointing to the unknown.

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail,
There gloom the dark, broad seas.

To the boy of Tyre and Sidon, commerce, with the early morning dew of piracy yet upon it, offered a sufficient lure. To go into trade did not mean to clerk in a dry-goods store. It meant to sail away over the blue Midland waters to "the cloudy cliffs down which the Iberians come."

The Roman youth, when he would visit Parthia and Numidia and Caledonia, had the way made easy for him. All he had to do was to join the legions, and then the path of duty and the path of glory coincided. There was the promise of many a fine trip.

In the Middle Ages there were Crusades and

pilgrimages to holy shrines, — capital ways of seeing the world. Chaucer's knight had "ridden as well in Christendom as Hethenesse." Or if one could not be a knight-errant he could be a saint-errant. He could journey far with never a penny to pay.

But if one lived on Paint Creek in Southern Ohio, the access to the world of romance was more difficult. It seemed a long way from Paint Creek to the lands old in story. It was a far cry to

> Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
> And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
> To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
> To Paquin of Sinian Kings and thence
> Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
> The Persian in Ectaban sate, or since
> In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
> In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance.

So far as one's chances of seeing these places are concerned, they might as well be in another world.

But out of the distant wonderlands one traveler returned. He was a missionary. He had sailed strange seas, he had seen famous cities, and had got back safely to Ohio. He had crossed deserts

in caravans, and had endured perils of robbers. I resolved to be a missionary.

The world was all before me where to choose my place of work. There were islands in the South Seas still awaiting the spiritual explorer. Moffat and Livingstone had found Africa interesting. There were still places in it where an enterprising missionary could get lost, and to find him would be an exciting adventure.

But at last I settled down to the firm conviction that I was destined to be a missionary in Persia. Other fields might clamor for my services, but Persia was my first love, and to that I would be faithful. The very names of its cities and its streams were music to my ears. They awakened what I felt was best in my nature. It was in connection with them that I first experienced the luxury of doing good. How I came to choose Persia for my field of labor is clearer to me now than it was at the time. There are many influences which affect us, but the influence of the imagination, which is the strongest of all, is the one we least recognize. It forms the atmosphere that we breathe and that sustains us when we know it not.

In looking back I perceive that the period when I determined to be a missionary to Persia coincided with that in which my chief literary enthusiasm was Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

I do not think that I seriously considered that the juvenile delight in the melodies of "Lalla Rookh" was in itself a sufficient missionary motive. But having resolved to be a missionary somewhere, this determined the place. The missionary reports were rather dry reading, and with all their fullness of detail did not give me the information which I most needed. "Lalla Rookh" was the book which most interested me. It directed my newly awakened zeal into the right channel. It showed me the paths of pleasantness in which I would gladly walk.

How could it be otherwise? Did not my heart kindle at the opening lines: —

> In that delightful Province of the Sun,
> The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
> Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
> Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream.

Was not that delightful Province of the Sun good missionary ground? Should I reject a call to such a sphere of usefulness simply because it

was not unmixed with pleasure? Duty might some time call me to preach on the banks of that mysterious river which —

> from its spring
> In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
> Enriched by every pilgrim brook that shines
> With relics from Bucharia's ruby mines,
> And lending to the Caspian half its strength
> In the cool Lake of Eagles sinks at length.

I should be prepared for such a call. Nor should I shrink if in the course of my work I should be summoned to —

> vast illuminated halls
> Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
> Of fragrant waters gushing with cool sound
> From many a jasper fount is heard around.

And I should find my way through —

> A maze of light and loveliness,
> Where the way leads o'er tessellated floors
> Of mats of Cairo, through long corridors
> Where ranged in cassolets and silver urns
> Sweet wood of aloes or of sandal burns,
> And spicy rods, such as illume at night
> The bowers of Thibet, send forth odorous light.

I was unaccustomed to such scenes and un-

familiar with the etiquette involved, but doubtless I should learn. In Persia one must do as the Persians do.

And I could not forget that —

> There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
> And the nightingale sings round it all the day long.

Now and then there would be a journey on the water.

> 'T is moonlight over Oman's sea,
> Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
> Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
> And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

I should not allow myself to become too narrow. When my home work was well in hand, I should visit the neighboring regions. For —

> Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere
> With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
> Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
> As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

It might be found advisable to establish a station in Cashmere.

The prose introduction and the copious notes gave much information which was useful in arranging one's itinerary. In the heat of the day one could rest "under the shade of a banyan tree

from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes," or in one of those hidden, embowered spots described by one from the Isles of the West as "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves." Such spots would be excellent places for the writing of sermons. In this way one could get just the kind of illustrations that the Persians would appreciate. And the flowers of rhetoric would all be perfectly natural.

To be commissioned by the Board to a station in Persia was certainly the very romance of missionarying.

"Lalla Rookh," and behind that the "Arabian Nights," predisposed my mind to regard this field favorably.

No journey would be too long. I would willingly pass on a swift dromedary along the mysterious borderlands where —

Fresh smell the shores of Araby.

I would then plunge boldly into the interior and follow the caravan route —

from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarchand.

Planning these missionary journeys was a pleasant way of doing one's duty. Wordsworth's excursion through the vales of Westmoreland led him to feel how exquisitely the mind to the external world is fitted, and how exquisitely too the external world is fitted to the mind.

The same impressions came from my missionary excursions in Persia. There was a perfect adaptation of the environment to the mind. Indeed, the mind had it all its own way. Persia was exquisitely fitted to my conception of it. There was no contradiction of sinners. The sinners formed a picturesque background. Their presence harmonized with the scene. They were the tawny desert around my little spiritual oasis.

My tastes were simple. All I required of Nature was what she could easily furnish: a desert, a palm tree, a little river, some roses and some nightingales. Then the congregation would seat itself and I would begin to expound my favorite text: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." Being like myself enthusiastic Persians, they would all agree to this. After we were in the right frame of mind we would proceed to a consideration of some of our sins which prevented us

from fully enjoying these pleasant places. It would then be time for our frugal meal of dates.

Even to this day I cannot read Emerson's "Saadi" without relapsing into the mood of my missionary life in Persia.

> Yet Saadi loved the race of men, —
> No churl, immured in cave or den;
> In bower and hall
> He wants them all,
> Nor can dispense
> With Persia for his audience.

One does not feel like an intruder. For —

> Gladly round that golden lamp
> Sylvan deities encamp,
> And simple maids and noble youth
> Are welcome to the man of truth.
> Most welcome they who need him most,
> They feed the spring which they exhaust.
> . . . . . .
> But, critic, spare thy vanity,
> Nor show thy pompous parts,
> To vex with odious subtlety
> The cheerer of men's hearts.

I pass through the grove of palms and find my way among the crowds of whirling dervishes without feeling the desire to trip any of them up, and come to where Saadi sits in the sun.

It is no place for dogmatic controversy. Long ago the Muse had whispered to him, —

> Never, son of eastern morning,
> Follow falsehood, follow scorning.
> Denounce who will, who will deny,
> And pile the hills and scale the sky;
> Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
> Define and wrangle how they list,
> Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer, —
> Be thou joy-giver and enjoyer.

To sit in the sun with Saadi and get this point of view would be worth a long missionary journey.

As time went on, the pictures of Lalla Rookh were retouched, but the original coloring was not obliterated. I preferred old-fashioned travelers who had emotions on the banks of the Tigris which were different from those that came on the banks of the Mississippi. There were periods when my missionary zeal grew weak, but when it returned it was always to Persia. This continued even to the time when I entered the unromantic purlieus of the Theological Seminary.

Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," tells us that when Sir Thomas More published his "Uto-

pia" "many at the reading thereof took it for the real truth," and "there were here among us sundry good men and learned divines very desirous to bring the people to the faith of Christ, whose manners they did like so well."

It was the same motive which inspired these would-be missionaries to Utopia which inspired me.

At last, feeling that I could no longer lead a double life, I called a family council and declared my intention of offering my services to the Board. I grew eloquent in praise of my chosen field, and of the people "whose manners I did like so well."

There seemed an especial fitness in making some slight return to my adopted country from which I had already received so much pleasure.

Then it was that my grandmother, whose tenacity of opinion was inherited from a line of Covenanting ancestors, registered her veto. "You must not go as missionary to Persia, for if you do the Persians will convert you."

I do not think that my grandmother feared that I would become a Mohammedan, but she did fear that I might develop oriental traits, alien to the habit of mind of the Chillicothe Presby-

tery. What I took to be a missionary call she looked upon as a kind of apostasy. Tried by the severe standards of disinterested virtue, I was found wanting. The call to Persia lacked the element of complete self-abnegation. To be sure, I was not attracted by the loaves and fishes, but deserts and nightingales and the enchantment of distance might be equally deceptive.

So it turned out that when the time came, instead of going to Persia I went to Kansas. I found Kansas interesting also, though in a different way.

II

I should not ask presumably busy people to listen to these shadowy recollections, were it not that they suggest some questions of practical importance. Was my grandmother right in thinking that my pleasure in Persia was likely to be a detriment to my usefulness? Was I less likely to do good to the Persians because I thought well of them to begin with? And would it have been a waste of time if, after a term of years, I had partly converted the Persians and the Persians had partly converted me? May there not be a profitable reciprocity in spiritual influence?

In attempting to answer such questions we encounter the prejudice which exists among the more moral and intellectual classes against mixed motives. We usually prefer to exhibit a virtue in as abstract and dehumanized a form as possible. We strip it of any agreeable circumstances and accidents, and by a process of ethical analysis reduce it to its simplest terms. Because Virtue has often been mistaken for Pleasure, we insist that it shall not be seen in its company. There seems something especially meritorious in the more unpleasing manifestations of duty, as then we are free from any doubts as to its being the genuine article. If the duty happens not to be disagreeable, we try to make it appear so. Thus a patriotic citizen, being nominated for an office of dignity, is careful to inform his constituents that he accepts at the sacrifice of his personal desires, which are all for a strictly private life.

In the Middle Ages some of the saints invented an ingenious device for reconciling politeness with asceticism. When they were invited to dinner they ate what was set before them, but if the viands threatened to be delicious, they slyly sprinkled them with ashes.

Biographers of missionaries, philanthropists, reformers, and all kinds of altruists, seem to think it necessary to do something like this. They represent their heroes as doing all sorts of disagreeable things which they do not want to do. They set up one single dignified motive, and severely eliminate all the little subsidiary motives that grow around it. The one virtue is a upas-tree, making a desert where it grows. Every effort is made to conceal the fact that the good deed has been done from mixed motives. Virtue must be presented in an austerely simple form without any pleasant embellishments.

The "strong man rejoicing to run a race" is praised for his disinterested virtue. "Brave fellow, how noble he is in his self-forgetting zeal! There he goes through all the heat and dust, when he might be here sitting in a rocking-chair."

The sympathetic and tearful admirer would feel that you were attempting to pull his hero down from the high moral pedestal if you were to say that rocking in a chair was an acquired taste which the strong man does not as yet possess. He prefers to run. He has an excess of animal spirits which must be worked off some way.

He rejoices to run, partly because he is alive, and partly because he has a worthy goal presented to him.

So far as I have been able to observe, such mixed motives are the ones that take men furthest. Altruism is no exception to the general rule that a man does good work only when he likes his job.

In private life, and in the pursuit of gain or reputation, people endure all sorts of hardships without incurring any particular sympathy. It is taken for granted that they like what they are doing. The football player does n't mind his incidental bruises. The fisherman rejoices in his tribulations, and no one thinks it strange.

Why should not the altruist get the same sportsmanlike pleasure out of the incidents of his work? Because he must work hard with an uncertainty about the results, is no reason why he should not yield to all the allurements and fascinations which belong to the enterprise upon which he has entered.

It happens that the capacity for enjoying himself is one upon which his opportunity to do good to others depends. Human nature is so con-

stituted that it demands that duty be mixed with pleasure.

We cannot abide an altruist who does not enjoy himself, and who has not a sportsmanlike spirit. We resent his attempt to monopolize brotherly kindness. If he be without imagination he will insist on working for us instead of with us. He will not admit us to a partnership in good works. He insists on doing all the self-sacrifice and have us take the ignominious part of passive recipients of his goodness. He confers a benefit on us with an air that says, "I have come to do you good. I have no selfish gratification in what I am doing for you. But a sense of duty has triumphed over my personal inclination."

We detest him heartily, but for no other reason than that he is not enjoying himself while he is doing us a kindness. It is as if an anxious host should refuse to sit at the table with his guests. He likes to see them eat, but he won't eat with them. They are not likely to pardon this breach of hospitality.

Reciprocity is the very essence of human intercourse, and only the churlish person fails to realize that there must be reciprocity in pleasure.

You must not throw your cast-off pleasures to another as you would throw a bone to a dog. The dog is a generous creature and will accept the bone with no criticism of the unmannerly way in which it is offered. But kindness to persons is not so simple as kindness to animals. You must be kind to your neighbor in such a way as not to interfere with his plans for being kind to you.

Altruism is a game two must play at, and it must be played cheerfully. You must not try to be Altruist all the time, you must take your turn being the Other. If it is your duty to make him happy, it is equally his duty to make you happy. You must give him the opportunity. If you have renounced the "miserable aims that end with self," it is praiseworthy in him to do the same. Encourage him to have worthy aims that end in you.

It is wonderful how sensitive we all are in this respect. We refuse to be helped except by people who like to do it, and who profess to be having the time of their lives when assisting us. "We should be most happy to serve you if you will allow us." If they say it as if they meant it, we allow them to lend a hand; if we suspect them

of insincerity we respectfully decline their offer, — unless we are paupers, and then we don't care how they feel.

This universal preference which all self-respecting people have for being helped by cheerful friends, rather than by conscientious benefactors, is a great limitation to all philanthropic effort. Unless we heartily enjoy ourselves, other people will not allow us to improve their minds or their morals.

The great helpers of mankind have been men who were shrewd enough to see this condition and frankly to accept it. They have turned their duty into pleasure, and then claimed for themselves only the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. If in this pursuit they incidentally helped their neighbors, they hoped that this would not prejudice any one against them.

Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenforde was a solemn-looking person, and not very congenial to the more full-blooded members of the company. But they doubtless thought better of him when they learned that "gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche." After all, those old books were not his penance but his recreation. This made him more

comprehensible to the stout miller and the honest ploughman. They liked him better because he had his little pleasures, though they were of a queer kind.

A disciple came to Confucius and, with that admirable directness in asking questions characteristic of Chinamen, inquired, "Master, are you a sage?" Confucius answered, "No, I am not a sage, I am only one who learns without satiety, and who teaches without getting tired."

In other words, he was a healthy-minded person who enjoyed his intellectual victuals and who liked to share them with his friends. He was naturally given to intellectual conviviality, and had been lucky enough to be able to indulge these tastes.

Those who are not weary in well-doing are those who make the freest use of their natural aptitudes. They do not allow the conscience to be overburdened by doing all the work. It is "spelled" by some of the less austere faculties. The results are more satisfactory than if there had been no opportunity for moral relaxation.

There was John Wesley. His "Journal," with its record of indefatigable labor, is one of the

cheeriest books in the language. What a rare good time he had! When he was eighty-seven he could say, "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born." For more than sixty years this indefatigable pleasure-seeker had been doing as he pleased. Up every day in time to preach at five o'clock in the morning; then over the hills or through the pleasant lanes to preach again at about the time lazy citizens were ready for breakfast; off again, on horseback or by chaise or in a lumbering stage-coach, for more preaching to vast crowds of sinners — just the kind of sinners he liked to preach to. Now and then facing a mob, or being wet through in a thunderstorm, or stopping to get information in regard to some old ruin. Between sermons he refreshed his mind with all sorts and conditions of books. On the pleasant road to Chatham he reads Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." On the road to Aberdeen he loses himself delightedly in the misty sublimities of Ossian. "Orlando Furioso" is good Saturday reading. The eager octogenarian confesses that "Astolpho's shield and horn and voyage to the moon, the lance that unhorses every one, the all-

penetrating sword, and I know not how many impenetrable helmets and shields" are rather too much for his sober English imagination. Still, they afford an agreeable interlude in his missionary journeys. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" he finds very absurd, and "notable chiefly for its unlikeness to all the world beside." Still, it is not unpleasant to read.

"Riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What a vein of piety runs through his whole work in spite of his Pagan prejudices!"

On his way to preach to a congregation of Christians for whose salvation he was solicitous, he refreshed his mind by reading the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," of whose salvation he had no doubt. "What a strange Emperor! What a strange Heathen!"

Preaching to a congregation of dour Scotsmen he urged them as the first duty to cultivate a better disposition. "I preached from 1 Cor. xiii, 1–2, in utter defiance of their common saying: 'He is a good man though he has bad tempers.' 'Nay,' said I, 'if he has bad tempers he is no more a good man than the Devil is a good angel.'"

I should not go so far as Wesley. The good man with a bad temper is a recognized variety. We must accept him as a stubborn fact. His joyless efforts to rectify the world are genuine, though they create in the heart of the natural man an unfortunate prejudice against rectitude.

But we can say that such a good man's effort would be much more effective if his disposition were pleasanter.

Jonathan Edwards went as missionary to the Indians in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at a time when Stockbridge was not so pleasant a place of residence as it is now. It was very self-sacrificing in him. Still our sympathy goes out chiefly to the Indians.

Dr. Grenfell, on the other hand, falls short of Edwards's ideal of disinterested virtue, for he frankly admits that he likes Labrador and its ways. When he returns, instead of melting the hearts of the Ladies' Auxiliary by the story of his hardships, he fires the minds of their growing boys with the desire to run away and be missionaries themselves. Yet the Labrador fishermen get more out of it than they would if Dr. Grenfell did not have such a good time.

When we read Borrow's "Bible in Spain" we feel that Borrow would have gone to Spain any way, even if there had been no Bibles to distribute. Nevertheless his natural affinity for gypsies, muleteers, and picturesque vagabonds of all sorts, enabled him to carry the Bible into out-of-the-way places which would never have been dreamed of by a zealous person of sedentary habits.

Those whose sense of duty has been strongest have often acknowledged their indebtedness to other contributory motives. When that able and pious New England Puritan, Thomas Hooker, felt that it was his duty to remove his congregation from the banks of the Charles River, and found a new colony on the Connecticut, he presented the question of duty to the General Court.

"The matter," says Governor Winthrop, "was debated divers days and many reasons were alleged pro and con."

But the decisive consideration was presented last, namely, "The strong bent of their spirits to remove thither." This consideration finally carried the day in spite of the argument that "the re-

moving of a candlestick is a great judgment which is to be avoided."

There is always something to be said in favor of the strong bent of the spirit, whether it tends toward Connecticut or Persia.

THE COLONEL IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

HOW the Colonel got the appointment to the Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary would be too long a story to tell. Indeed, it was a little peculiar that there was any Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary. It constituted, as the young man who wrote it up for the newspapers remarked, "one of the most unique features of the institution."

There was no mystery about the chair, however. A wealthy gentleman had left funds for its endowment, and the Trustees had not been inclined to look a gift horse in the mouth. They accepted with the idea that they might, perhaps, secure a clergyman who had been a chaplain in the militia, and who, after a few lectures on the manual of arms, might quietly change the subject to something more definitely related to the work of the ministry. It was only by accident that they got a retired army officer.

I confess that I was prejudiced against the new chair, for I am naturally opposed to fads of every description; I am also opposed to war, except as a last resort. I disliked to see the wave of militarism sweeping over the Theological Seminary. It seemed that young men should here be trained in the arts of peace. I feared that there might be a recrudescence of controversy or militant sectarianism. Instead of disinterested search for truth, there might be only a planning for visible success. I even feared the methods of the Salvation Army. The thought of a squad of students marching to the sound of drum and fife to a lecture on Apologetics offended my sense of the fitness of things.

But when I met the Colonel my fears vanished. He had the fine simplicity of mind that is characteristic of the best men of his profession. He had the mildness of countenance which comes when "grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front." Moreover, he was evidently a spiritually-minded and free-minded man. If he would sacrifice everything for success, he had an exceedingly high ideal of those things wherein true success consists. He was a believer in arbitration so

far as the controversies between nations are concerned. The cruelty and waste of the physical strife had been impressed upon him, and the thought that the time was fast approaching when a more excellent way of settling differences would come. For a time he felt that his occupation was gone. But he was at heart a soldier. The ideal aspect of his profession had fascinated him. Morally he delighted in the soldierly virtues of courage, loyalty, patience, and obedience to rightful authority, — the virtues that belong to the ordered life of armies. Intellectually the problems which fascinated him were those of generalship. Here the mind was dealing not merely with the uniform movements of nature, but with the incalculable powers of another and active mind. Here quickness of perception, steadiness of will, and comprehensiveness of judgment were tested at every step. Military genius seemed to him the most wonderful exhibition of pure intellect.

He wondered sometimes what would become of the militant qualities he so loved and admired when —

> the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle-flags were furled.

It was then that the idea of the world as a spiritual battlefield came to him. Here was a conflict of forces, a good fight to be fought. He looked about for some organization fitted to make a strong stand against the evils of the world. He realized the significance of the term The Church Militant. That was enough for the Colonel. All the ardor of youth was rekindled. He saw at once the irrepressible conflict between those who were banded together in behalf of a spiritual ideal, and the forces of sensuality and selfishness. "Here is something," he said, "that can't be arbitrated. It must be fought out. The Church Militant has, I believe, the right of it, but the question is, is it strong enough to win out? Has it mobilized all its forces, and is it prepared to assume the strategical offensive?"

When he was called to the Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary, the Colonel accepted with alacrity. It was just what he was looking for. He took it for granted that in a training school of officers in the church militant, the chief concern would be the solution of the problems connected with attack and defense. These gallant men were to overcome the

world; they must learn the scientific way of doing it.

I have often regretted my own complete ignorance of military science, for in my capacity of visitor at the Theological Seminary I attended many of his lectures. Some of his technical terms I only imperfectly understood, and many of his allusions were to affairs with which I was unfamiliar. Sometimes, too, his earlier enthusiasms got the better of his later purposes, and he would spend a morning over the campaigns of Marlborough, illustrating every move with topographical charts, but leaving no time to point out the bearing of all this upon the work of the ministry. But I believe there always was an association of ideas in the Colonel's mind.

Perhaps from my imperfect notes I may give some idea of his main contentions. Here is a portion of his introductory lecture.

"Young gentlemen, you may have been troubled, as I have been, by questions as to the limitations proper to the study of military science in this institution. It appears on the face of it to include everything necessary to the successful con-

duct of your profession. But a glance at the curriculum shows that many other branches are taught here. In fact, your profession may be approached from several directions. The most familiar approach is through the ancient and honorable science of husbandry. A knowledge of agriculture and of the care of flocks has always been insisted upon.

"Bishop Hugh Latimer, in his admirable sermon on 'The Plough' insisted on careful training in this matter.

"'The preacher and the ploughman may be likened together first because of their labour of all seasons of the year, for there is no time of the year in which the ploughman has not some special work to do; as in my county of Leicestershire the ploughman has a time to set forth and essay the plough, and at other times for other necessary work. The ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land and breaketh it in furrows, and sometimes ridgeth it up again, at another time harroweth it and clotteth it and dungeth it, and hedgeth it and diggeth it and weedeth it. So the preacher hath a busy work with the people, now casting them down with

the law, now ridging them up with the gospel, now weeding them by telling them their faults, now clotting them by breaking their stony hearts.'

"Latimer made a plea for the labor that produced the necessaries of the spiritual life, rather than the fancy horticulture that went in for luxuries. 'The preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat. The Scripture calleth it meat, not strawberries.'

"My colleague who instructs you in Pastoral Care has doubtless made you familiar with the history and methods of the cultural work of your profession.

"But I sometimes fear that the agricultural aspects of your work, important as they undoubtedly are, may have been emphasized at the expense of that which is equally vital. A too pacific and yielding temper of mind is the result of a training that ignores the elements of conflict.

"The lack of attention to military science manifests itself in a number of ways. For example, I have often noticed the way in which the members of your profession interpret the call of duty to what they speak of as 'a larger field of usefulness.' I have no reason to doubt their dis-

interestedness, but I have been often amazed at what they called a larger field. Frequently they will evacuate a strategic point, leaving an important part of the field open to the enemy, and retire to a position of no importance for offensive operations. I could not understand the movement till it was explained to me that they are accustomed to use the word "field" in an agricultural rather than in a military sense. They are not thinking of it as a field of battle, where a lonely hilltop may be the key to the situation; they are thinking of a field fenced in and under pastoral care.

"Not long ago I was invited, on a Monday morning, to a ministers' meeting which discussed the present condition of religion. Knowing that the situation is critical, I went with keen expectancy.

"The company was divided, not in regard to the expediency of any particular movements, but only by temperamental differences. Some felt that everything would come out right if let alone; these were called optimists. Others, who were somewhat reproachfully called pessimists, agreed very contentedly that everything is going to the

dogs. Neither side suggested that they could do much about it one way or the other.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I understood that this was to be a council of war. Instead of a plan of campaign you seem to have brought out a clinical thermometer in order to take each other's temperature. On the eve of an engagement the question is not how you feel, but what you intend to do. Nobody is interested in your symptoms. The only temper which befits men who are called to leadership is that which Wordsworth describes in his character of the Happy Warrior: —

"'Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
— It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
. . . . . .
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

"'You will observe that the Happy Warrior has

a twofold task. He must have a knowledge of stern necessity, and a knowledge how to turn his stern necessity to glorious gain.'

"In preparing myself for the duties of this professorship, I have been impressed by the fact that the art of spiritual warfare has not kept pace with that which is on the material plane. Antiquated methods and theories, in regard both to equipment and tactics, are still tolerated. In many instances there seems to be little advance over the primitive notion of war as a series of disconnected single combats. The Happy Warrior, accoutred in ancient fashion, will sally forth challenging a foe that is perfectly disciplined and armed with weapons of precision.

"I have noticed this lack of contemporaneousness in most attempts at treating this subject. In the seventeenth century John Bunyan published a military manual entitled 'The Holy War.' It was an account of the operations around the fortified town of Man-soul. Many individual acts of valor are narrated, but it is remarkable that throughout the campaign the forces of Immanuel were armed with the traditional weapons, — swords, spears, darts, slings, etc., — while only

the Diabolian army seems to have understood the use of gunpowder.

"Here, for example, is an account of one of the many attacks upon Man-soul. The investing army had concentrated its forces upon Ear-gate, which was in accordance with the usual tactics of the Puritans, they having been inclined to undervalue the strategic importance of Eye-gate and Feel-gate. 'Now they in the town had planted in the tower over Ear-gate two great guns, the one called High-mind and the other Heady; unto these guns they trusted much.'

"What follows is of great interest to the student of our art. 'Now the King's captains brought with them several slings and two or three battering rams, and with them they sought to break Ear-gate open. With much valour they let fly as fast as they could at Ear-gate, for they saw that unless they could break open Ear-gate they would in vain batter the wall. . . . But Man-soul held out lustily through the valour of Old Incredulity the Mayor and Mr. Forgetgood the Recorder, and the charge and expense of the war on the King's side seemed to be quite lost. And when the captains saw how it was, they made a fair re-

treat and entrenched themselves in their winter-quarters.'

"Bunyan, who was more interested in the moral than in the scientific aspect of the war, seems to have seen no connection between the antiquated weapons of the assailants and their ill success. No careful student, however, will be surprised at the failure of an attack upon artillery in an entrenched position, by a detachment provided only with slings and battering rams.

"You, young gentlemen, will be called upon to make many attacks upon Ear-gate. It will not be enough that you are individually more valiant than Old Incredulity or Mr. Forgetgood. You must bring against them such superior force as will compel capitulation.

"A sound military education involves much discipline. At your chapel services this morning you sang 'Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,' though in a way that suggested that more attention should be paid to company drill. Marching as to war is quite a different matter from strolling down the street. A perception of this obvious difference might have saved you from several mistakes which I noted.

"'Like a mighty army moves the Church of God.' This involves that branch of our science called Logistics, which includes all the details of the movements and supply of armies, and the choice of roads. It involves the ordering of the different divisions, that they may move so as not to interfere with one another, but may give mutual support in case of attack.

"I fear that the training in Logistics has been neglected in the Theological Seminary, as I meet with graduates who scarcely know what to make of the mighty army when they see it in motion. All their arrangements are made on the assumption that the church is meant to be stationary, and that its officers should lead a sedentary life. Their chief concern is in the construction of permanent barracks.

"Logistical considerations are ignored, not only by those who are averse to movements of any kind, but also by those restless spirits who are all the time advocating sudden and unrelated movements which are incapable of execution by any large force, encumbered, as it necessarily must be, by its heavy trains. They give no heed to Napoleon's maxim that 'the secret of war lies in its

communications.' They seem to imagine that armies can be moved hither and thither on the impulse of the moment. This is far from being the case. Moving a considerable number of human beings from one place to another is always a transaction of considerable difficulty. The more experience a person has had, the more he realizes the embarrassments inseparable from moving-day.

"To take an example from civilian life: a gentleman in moderate circumstances wishes to move his family, for the summer, to the country. In making his plans he has to consider, besides himself, his wife, six children, and two maids, — ten persons in all, — no very considerable force. But the problem of actually moving them to a specified position on a certain date involves strategic combinations which almost reduce him to despair. He cannot move freely to any breezy hilltop which strikes his vagrant fancy. His choice is severely limited by considerations which he had at first view overlooked. There is the matter of transportation; he cannot move too far from the railroad. He must look carefully at the water supply before he occupies an otherwise advantageous position. In case of a sudden call, he must

secure a line of retreat to the city, and make sure of constant communication with the butcher, the grocer, and the post-office. Even for the sake of bracing air and an excellent view, he dare not move too far from a yeast-cake. He may have started out with the most adventurous plan of campaign, but after consultation with the domestic Board of Strategy he determines to confine the summer movements well within the range of the commonplace. Even then, when the eventful day arrives his mind is ill at ease. Shall his little army move as one body? He shrinks from the weight of responsibility that is involved. He determines to divide into two detachments advancing by parallel roads, then gradually converging and forming a junction at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is one of the simplest strategic manœuvres, and yet he knows from past experience how many chances there are against its complete success.

"Now, if the problems of Logistics are so difficult in the case of an honest householder who has not a single known enemy to molest him or make him afraid, what must they be for him who has to make all the arrangements of moving-day

for a hundred thousand men, in the face of an energetic enemy. It must be remembered that the enemy can be treated as a negligible quantity only by the strategists of the easy-chair.

"The critics of the church are accustomed to berate it for not doing at once all the admirable things which they see ought to be done. Their cry is like that which assailed the successive commanders of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War: 'On to Richmond!' Even the most unsuccessful of the generals recognized the beauty of the advice, as a counsel of perfection. They were all anxious enough to be in Richmond; what troubled them was how to get there. A very disquieting thought always in the background of a general's consciousness is that, if he makes a mistake, he may not have any army to move.

"It will be your duty to be continually urging your fellow men to new exertions, but you will spoil your temper to no good purpose unless you know how much can reasonably be expected of them. You must carefully consider the obstacles to be overcome, and the provisions to be carried, and what is to be taken as a fair day's march. You must be aware that a great army taking per-

manent possession of the territory which it has conquered, and establishing itself in such a way that it cannot be dislodged, moves at a different speed from a detachment of cavalry on a raid. Occasionally you may have the exciting experience of being on a raiding party, but as you rise into more responsible positions you must be prepared to deal with the more serious problems which confront an army of occupation.

"The most perplexing situations arise in the course of any widely extended advance movement. An army advancing into the enemy's country is continually losing strength at the front. There are always numerous stragglers, and large numbers of troops have to be left behind to guard the ever lengthening lines of communication. An army in an orderly retreat gathers in its stragglers and its rear guard, so that it is numerically augmented as it falls back. 'Attacking armies,' it has been said, 'melt away like the snow.' Napoleon in 1812 crossed the Russian frontier with 442,000 men, and reached Moscow with only 95,000. In 1810 the French crossed the Pyrenees with 400,000, and after a successful advance reached the lines of Torres Vedras with only 45,000.

Even the Germans in 1870, out of an army of 372,000 which crossed the frontier, after a six weeks' campaign brought only 171,000 men to Paris.

"You will note many illustrations of this law of the diminishing power of the strategic offensive in the conduct of the church militant. The most progressive bodies tend to waste away as they advance, while reactionary movements bring a rapid augmentation in numbers. For this reason many members of your profession seek a larger fellowship by retreating in good order to the position they had left yesterday. They are much pleased to find so many friends tenting on the old camp ground. Their delight in these reunions speaks well for their amiability, but it sometimes interferes with their military efficiency. The lesson which the soldierly mind draws from the rapid diminution of the advance guard is that especial pains must be taken to keep it continually reinforced.

"A distinguished teacher of the art of war remarks, 'We are right in describing the ever diminishing power of the strategical offensive as an unavoidable drawback, which has to be taken into

account and which invariably becomes more pronounced the longer the line becomes over which the attack advances. The existence of this drawback requires that measures should be adopted in the way of organization and strategy continually to reinforce the fighting head of the army with reserves. The main roads in the rear of an advancing army should never be allowed to become empty.'

"I commend this advice to any of you young gentlemen who may have the honor to undertake any forward movement. The most gallant advance will be futile if you have neglected to provide a reserve force which may be brought forward according to the need."

I have heard several members of the Faculty criticise the Colonel for the way in which he would trespass on the fields of his colleagues. I believe that this was altogether unintentional. Like Sir Philip Sidney, when he heard of a good war he went to it. He was quite unaware that in doing so he disarranged the curriculum. One day I entered his classroom as he was beginning a lecture on the military principles of Homiletics. I was a

little disturbed at this, as we had already a professor of Homiletics who was highly esteemed. However, the Colonel approached the subject from a different point of view.

"The first essential of Homiletics," he said, "is that you should shoot straight. You have doubtless already received instruction on this point, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to questions of tactics.

"I went to church yesterday and witnessed a series of operations that filled me with dismay. The minister began by seizing a text as a base of operations. I observed that the base was not secure, but this made less difference, as he was evidently prepared to change his base if the exigencies of the engagement demanded it. His first mistake was one of overcaution. In order to defend himself from an attack from the Higher Critics, he had strengthened his front by barbed wire entanglements in the way of exegesis. This was an error of judgment, as the Higher Critics were not on the field, at least in sufficient force to take the offensive. The entanglements intended to keep a hypothetical foe from getting at him prevented him from getting at once at the real

enemy. He thus lost the psychological moment for attack.

"While he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his own defenses I trembled for the issue of the affair. Having finally emerged into the open, he was apparently prepared for vigorous operations. I watched intently for the development of his plan. I was bewildered by the rapidity of his evolutions. With a sudden access of courage he would make a wild charge against an ancient line of breastworks which had long been evacuated. Then he would sweep across the whole field of thought, under cover of his artillery, which was evidently not furnished with accurate range-finders. The next minute he would be engaged in a frontal attack on the entrenched position of Modern Science. Just as his forces approached the critical point, he halted and retreated to his textual base. Re-forming his shattered forces, he would sally forth in a new direction.

"At first I attributed to him a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true objective. He was, I thought, only reconnoitering in force, before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow at an unexpected point.

"At last the suspicion came that he had no objective, and that he did n't even know that he should have one. He had never pondered the text about the futility of fighting as 'one that beateth the air.'

"As we came away a parishioner remarked, 'That was a fine effort, this morning.'

"'An effort at what?' I inquired.

"How many such unfortunate enterprises might be avoided if there were a clear understanding of a few guiding principles which have been deduced from experience on many a well-fought field. Among them are such maxims as these:—

"Always attack where the moral effect will be greatest.

"Strike the enemy's flank in preference to his front; threaten his line of retreat.

"Do not offer battle except on your own ground and at your own time.

"Never attack unless you are in superior force.

"Never knock your head against a strong position."

The Colonel quoted with approval Lord Wolseley's remarks on the best way of teaching mili-

tary history. "By far the most useful way of teaching military history is to find out from your books as far as possible what the situation was at a given time, then shut the books, take the maps, and decide for yourself what you would have done, had you been in the place of one of the commanding generals. Then write your orders. You are thus dealing with a problem that actually occurred; and remember that war presents a constant series of such problems to every officer who may hold an independent command."

The Colonel was accustomed to follow this plan. He particularly admired Chrysostom, whom he called the Napoleon of divines. He had the class make a special study of Chrysostom's sermons "Concerning the Statues." He first made them familiar with the details of the situation in Antioch. There had been a riot in which the statues of the Emperor had been dragged about the city. The Emperor, enraged, threatened vengeance; a panic followed, then an embassy to ask pardon, and long days of terrified waiting. Each day the people flocked to the church for some word of help.

"Put yourself in the place of Chrysostom and

plan your sermons according to the changing situation. Meet each crisis as best you can. After you have done this, we may see how Chrysostom did it."

Occasionally he would present a sermon for criticism. Thus, he asked the opinion of the class on a sermon by the fine old Puritan divine, John Howe, on "A Particular Faith in Prayer." Before he had reached Howe's fifteenthly, the unanimous opinion was that it had one fault, it was too long.

"That is a point worthy of consideration," said the Colonel. "The undue extension of the lines is, under most circumstances, a cause of weakness. But you must remember that Howe was not conducting a vesper service; he was preaching before Oliver Cromwell. His object was not to please Cromwell, but to convince him. This took time, for Oliver was prepared to resist stoutly every advance. We are told that during the discourse Cromwell was observed to 'pay marked attention, but, as was his custom when displeased, knit his brows and manifested other symptoms of uneasiness.'

"It is easy for you, young gentlemen, to criticise the deliberation of Howe's movements, but

the question is how you would improve upon it. Let me give you this exercise. You have Oliver Cromwell before you 'paying marked attention.' Your problem is to convince him quite against his will that he has been mistaken. You must make a careful preliminary study of Cromwell, and learn all that you can of the disposition of his moral and spiritual forces. Then make your plans accordingly.

"After you have made two or three unsuccessful attempts to carry Oliver's position by storm, I imagine you may think more favorably of Howe's method. It was that of a regular siege. You will observe that he first makes a wide enveloping movement which ends in a complete investment. Then his forces advance cautiously in two main lines, keeping under cover as much as possible. It is now a case for sapping and mining. To cover the approach fifteen parallels are constructed, — and in my opinion they were not too many."

On one of my last visits to the Colonel's classroom he was discussing the present crisis in the Christian Church. He elucidated his ideas by

means of the maps of Grant's battles in the Wilderness.

"The greatness of Grant consisted in his ability to do two things at the same time. He must make a strong fight at the front against Lee's army, and at the same time must change his base from the precarious railroad to the more effective waterways.

"The public were more particularly interested in what was happening at the front, and were delighted at Grant's declaration that he would 'fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' But the student of military affairs is most interested in what took place at the rear.

"The Christian Church is at this moment engaged in this most perilous, but often necessary manœuvre, — a change of base in the face of the enemy, and as a part of a grand forward movement.

"There is a call for courage at the front, but the question is in regard to the communications. The line of communication, with the base in Infallible Authority, has been cut; the necessity is to establish free and adequate communication with the ample supplies which are believed to exist in

the Religious Nature of Man, and in the Spiritual Realities of the Universe.

"If this can be done in time, the advance against the strongholds of Sin can go on: if not, there is sure to be disaster. It is to arrest this disaster that you are to put forth all your efforts.

"In the presence of the dangers that confront you, I must remind you of the difference which exists between war and all imitations of it. I have dwelt much on strategy and tactics, a knowledge of which I look upon as indispensable, but let me remind you that battles are not won in the armchair. The great thing is to have collected sufficient force and to put it forth to the uttermost.

"In order to arouse the true professional spirit which is necessary for victory, I would recommend a recent book by a British naval officer, entitled 'Heresies of Sea Power.' You will observe that the same principles apply to the other branch of the service that we recognize in conflicts on land.

"The gallant writer analyzes the great sea fights of history; in the attempt to find some law governing success he finds there is no trick by

which a half-hearted power can overcome one that is alert and persevering and daring.

"The only formula that he arrives at — that he sets forth as a conclusion of the whole matter — is fitness to win.

"Who are those who are fit to win? not those merely who have the command of good material, but those who, having it, are impelled by an overwhelming desire to use it to the uttermost in carrying on the project in which they are engaged. 'The full possession of that desire,' he says, 'has implied caution where caution was required, rashness where rashness was the better way — but always because of the fullness of the desire.'

"The great cause of failure, he insists, has been feebleness of purpose. 'Whatever its inferiority in heavy guns cost the Spanish Armada, its inability to use effectively such guns as it had, and to secure sufficient ammunition for them, cost it a great deal more.'

"You, young gentlemen, in preparing for active service, should seek the best equipment possible, but remember that 'fitness to win' is indicated not by mere superiority in heavy guns, but by the ability to use effectively such guns as you have."

THE ROMANCE OF ETHICS

POLITICAL economy in its early career gained the reputation of being "the dismal science." But what used to be called Moral Science was a good second. To take up a text-book on the subject, published a generation ago, is painful in the extreme. The treatise seems to be but a series of lame apologies for its own existence.

Can there be such a thing as Moral Science? The author candidly admits that until his appearance on the scene there had been none. Before you can have a science you must know what it is about. You must define your subject-matter. Whereupon he begins to pick flaws in all the definitions that have hitherto been made. It appears that most of those who have attempted to deal with the subject did n't know Morality when they saw it. They have been acutely analyzing something else.

Having given his own definition, he then pro-

ceeds to defend it against all comers. He loves it for the enemies it has made. He successfully refutes all criticisms made by other Professors of Moral Science, who, it appears, are not so wise as they might be.

It is a good definition, and the only thing that remains is to find out whether it fits the facts in the case. It appears that this is rather difficult, for facts come in odd sizes. Good men whom we happen to know, or whose biographies we have read, ought to act in strict accord with the ascertained laws of Moral Science. But many good men are not Strict Constructionists. Even the gentlemen who endowed the Chair of Moral Science may not have proceeded strictly according to rule. It is necessary, then, to make some adjustments between the Moral Law and the conduct of the respectable classes of the community.

One watches the process of adjustment as the frugal householder, when he undertakes to do the family marketing, watches the butcher who is selling him four pounds of lamb chops. First the meat, for which the market price is exacted, is carefully weighed. There is something generous in this transaction, and trifles are not taken

into account. But in the delivery of his goods the butcher uses the intensive method. He proceeds conscientiously to trim each chop to the delicate proportions demanded by the epicure who will eat only the best. The trimmings he throws into a receptacle provided for them. The householder meekly accepts the precious remnants which are finally awarded him, and wends his way homeward. As he walks, he wonders why he did not get all that he paid for.

So the Professor of Moral Science, after he has shown us the Moral Law in its entirety, proceeds to pare it down. It seems that there are parts of it that mar the symmetry of the science, when viewed as a practical one. He cheerfully throws away the non-essentials. We look wistfully at these non-essentials. The few essentials that are left may be nourishing, but they are not filling.

The suspicion grows that the ethical element in the life of man is likely to escape scientific analysis. Science deals with existing things. It can trace their origin, it can follow their development, it can classify them. But the subject-matter of ethics is not an existing thing at all. It is not something that has been done, but the idea

of what ought to be done. To the ethical inquirer the actual is only the point of departure in the quest of the morally possible. If you do not believe that it is possible for men to be better than they are, then ethics will not interest you. If you do believe that they can be better, the question will arise, How much better? To this there can be no scientific answer. We are not dealing now with things as they are but with "things that are not," which continually do "bring to naught things that are."

It is possible to make an inventory of so much good as has been produced. This is the residuum of past effort, it is not the effort itself. Science cannot lay hold of "the fleeting image of the unstable Best." It can justify and explain the conduct of law-abiding citizens, but it cannot measure the worth of one who is "numbered among the transgressors" because he obeys a higher law. It can define conventional morality, but it cannot follow those generous spirits who pass beyond these limits in their search for "the unimagined good of man." It is baffled by that spiritual unrest which characterizes the more ardent lover of righteousness when "for new heavens he

spurneth the old." It is dreary business raking over the embers of old camp-fires. Those whom we seek to know are now lighting new camp-fires on the distant hills.

A lover of the mountains and the woods writes: "A curious distinction made itself evident: that between riding through a country with the sole object of getting somewhere, and surveying a mathematically straight line."

Perhaps we may make a compromise with the believers in scientific ethics. There is work for the moral surveyor. An accurate survey of existing conditions is most desirable. But whether these conditions are to be improved the survey cannot determine. That depends upon the hidden powers of the will.

The great pathfinder is the man who is impelled by a mighty desire to go somewhere, and who has the skill and courage to find or make a way. He dares to go where other men have not trod. His well-trained eye discovers the distant mountain pass, and he declares it to be practicable, when other men see only an insuperable barrier. He does not follow a mathematically straight line, determined by instruments of precision. He does

not even know, beforehand, what he shall find. But by his efforts new regions are discovered, which other men may, in time, survey.

To ethics conceived of as a knowledge of the way in which deeds of daring rectitude are done, the most natural approach is not through Science but through Poetry. The best life is not one that conforms to a rule, but one that is drawn towards an unseen goal by an unconquerable desire. It is faint praise to say of any one that he did as well as might be expected under the circumstances. Our hero must surprise us by doing something more than could have been expected. We refuse to allow the circumstances to be presented as a sufficient explanation of his act.

To a person of prosaic temper the moral life is like a ride in a taxicab. It is so much for so much. The intelligent passenger can at any moment look up and see his progress registered with automatic precision. At first it is a pleasure to see how rapidly he is getting on; but after a time he observes that his progress is registered in dollars and cents. Then he prudently remembers that he has no call to go further.

There is a point where prudential considera-

tions call a halt on moral idealism. This in any community can be determined with scientific precision. Those who talk of "economic determinism" have this in mind. Every man's moral standards, they say, are determined by the way he gets his living. He is as good as he can afford to be in his line of business. Determine accurately the conditions of his bread-winning occupation, and you will know how far he is likely to carry the Ten Commandments or the Golden Rule.

There is a great deal of truth in all this and the rule works out pretty well when we are dealing with large averages. The doctrine was long ago stated by a shrewd observer who had been "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it." A man's character and conduct, he declared, are governed by his economic condition. Take one who is most affluent and exemplary and see what will happen to him when you take away his property. "Put forth thine hand upon him and touch all that he hath and he will curse thee to thy face."

It must be confessed that in the experiment which was long ago recorded, this prognostication

was largely verified, at least in the judgment of three respectable gentlemen. When they came to visit Job they were shocked to discover that he did not seem to be nearly so good a man as he was when he had seven thousand sheep and five hundred yoke of oxen and five hundred asses and a very great household. Then they had found in him little to criticise, but now he had fallen into bad ways and talked very much like an anarchist.

"I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year," said Becky Sharp. And all Vanity Fair would agree with her; that is, she could be a pretty good woman on that income, though of course not so good as if she had ten thousand a year. There are some virtues that come high.

Social reformers find in the doctrine of economic determinism a powerful argument. People in general, they say, are as honest and generous as Society will allow them to be. It is useless to appeal to them to improve their characters. Improve their condition, and their characters will take care of themselves.

This is excellent as an *argumentum ad homi-*

nem, addressed to the good people who are trying to save souls while oblivious of the conditions under which people live. But it fails when addressed to those who are the victims of injustice. Victims they are, but is it true that they cannot help themselves? If so, there is nothing to appeal to against the malign fatalistic influence that holds them down. If men cannot be better than the conditions under which they live, then how are these conditions to be bettered? Must the masses wait till the privileged classes come to their rescue? That were a vain hope if the possession of privilege condemns those classes to the narrow views and selfish aims which are an inseparable part of the system.

Fortunately, the Social Reformer treats himself as an exception to the general law. He theoretically reduces ethics to an inferior branch of economics, but he practically restores it to its independence when he begins actively to engage in economic reform. He does all sorts of unpopular and disagreeable things, and not a penny does he get out of it. He defies the opinion of his own class, and goes on his way as if it were not of the slightest consequence which side his bread was

buttered on. He does n't wait for Society to improve him, so intent is he on his plans for improving Society. When you tell him that he ought to sit down quietly and wait till the times are ripe for the measures he sees to be desirable, he turns upon you savagely — "What do you take me for!"

It appears, then, that there are exceptions to the law that men first ask, Does it pay? and then argue that if it does it must be right. There are those who find it possible to move in opposition to their own personal interests. With them the moral flag does not always follow Trade. These persons may be exceptions, but it is in these exceptions that the ethical inquirer is interested. It is more exciting to watch a ship beating against the wind than to see a log floating with the current.

When we come to think about it we see that all that is determined beforehand is the point up to which a person may be righteous in safety and comfort. If he wants to go further he must take his chances. A man who wishes to cultivate courage and not get hurt should wait till the battle is over. Otherwise he may never be able to enjoy

the contemplation of his own virtue. But it may be that he is not that kind of man.

Fortunately there are always those who like to take chances and who do not care over-much for being comfortable. They have a love of adventure. To them life is not like riding in a taxicab with their eyes upon the fare indicator. They are of vigorous habit and prefer to go afoot. They push on in all weathers and take cheerfully the haps and mishaps of the road. They feel a wholesome curiosity about the way, but are not depressed when they do not know how they are coming out.

Such persons are anxious to do something that is not too easy. They like to have every faculty tasked to the utmost. They would climb a mountain that has never been climbed before, they long to discover new lands and to try their sails in storms. When men of such temper turn to intellectual pursuits something happens. For their interests are on the outer edge of things. They go pioneering into new regions of thought. They are not acquisitive scholars but inquisitive investigators. They leave the ninety and nine proved Truths, to follow a Perhaps through a wilder-

ness of doubts. They enjoy the uncertainties of the pursuit, and each achievement is but the starting-point for a new experiment. All this comes not from a restless desire for novelty, it is but the overflow of energy.

But the adventures of Doing and of Knowing are not so wonderful as the adventures of Being. To be something one has not been before is a greater accomplishment than to do or know something not done or known before. For any creature to discover new heights and depths in his own nature, to strike out new paths for his life forces to move in, to gain control over the incalculable store of energy locked up within himself and to use that energy for ends which he himself freely chooses, this from the standpoint of the naturalist is impossible.

But what strict logic starting with Natural Law declares to be impossible, that the moral impulse in man attempts with inconceivable audacity; human nature rebels against itself and proceeds to make itself over. Very early in the history of our race this inconceivable adventure began. We see rude tribes without arts or letters; they are polygamists, and fighters, accustomed

to tyranny, a prey to all manner of superstitions, and moved by appetite and passion. Yet out of the mass a man arises and says, "I will no longer be what my companions are and what I have been. I will no longer worship brute force, nor yield to passions that like great winds have borne me along hitherto. I will be chaste and just and generous. I will not obey the powers whose might I see. I will yield myself to a Power I see not, but which shall give me at last my heart's desire. If all the world be against me, I will resist it till I overcome. I, the new creature, will do this, through the power of the Unseen and Eternal."

The audacity of the declaration of moral independence is seen whenever we follow the anthropologist in his investigations of the habits and environment of the men who first made it. The words which express the familiar virtues — Temperance, Purity, Justice, Friendship, and the like — were daring paradoxes flung into the very teeth of Fact. They expressed what barbarians saw when, slowly emerging, they looked upward. They told of what ought to be, and was not. Some day, they said, we shall become what now is but a dream of perfection. Toward this perfec-

tion we will strive, lest we slip back into the brute.

This struggle of an imperfect creature to perfect himself forms the Romance of Ethics. Commonplace moralists and commonplace scientists may treat the growth of moral ideals as a part of Natural History. But a man like Huxley, who took both Natural Law and Moral Law seriously, could not be satisfied with any such treatment, which would lead only to the conclusion of a pseudo-optimism, that "whatever is is right."

This is a dreary conclusion, and a travesty of Faith. It is a way of saying that all the ills from which men suffer are irremediable, and that we might as well pretend that we like them. The contention of Ethics is that much that is is wrong, and that it is our privilege to make it right, and the sooner we go about our work the better.

Leave out the element of "huge, heroic magnanimity," and History ceases to interest us. It becomes only an insipid narrative of prearranged events. We do not care for it until we see heroes struggling with circumstances.

Why, we ask, does not some one give us a book of Ethics from the point of view of heroic

youth? In such a book we should see Duty through the shimmering haze of romantic expectation. It is a noble hazard. It appeals to the native chivalry of the uncorrupted soul. Here is something to be done worthy of your powers. Will you do it? Ethics should be the story of the way the call is answered. It should make us see each power of the man sallying forth to meet its adversary. We would have, not an analysis of the virtues, but an account of the way in which they comport themselves in action.

It happens that a man of genius did the very thing we are asking for long before we were born. In an age when the wonders of the new world were being opened up and men's hearts were stirred by the discoveries, it occurred to "the sage and serious Spenser" to write a Romance of Ethics. Addressing Queen Elizabeth, he tells how —

> Daily through hardy enterprize
> Many great regions are discovered
> Which to late age were never mentioned.
> Who ever heard of the Indian Peru?
> Or who in venturous vessell measured
> The Amazon's huge river now found trew?

Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?
Yet all these were when no man did them know.

In the "Faerie Queene" Spenser pictured the moral life as it appeared to the gallant gentlemen of his day who were anxious to know how much they might make of themselves. Instead of attending a lecture on the Scientific Basis of Morals, let us sit down in their company, and consider what is meant by virtue. We may take our place with the "right noble and valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight," to whom is given an explanation of the whole intention of the discourse, which is "an allegory or continued darke conceit." The general end "is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle disposition."

We may therefore dismiss from our minds all questions of profit and loss or careful consideration of wages. The noble person we have in mind is not moved by such considerations. He has an ambition to become all that a man should be, and he is willing to pay the cost.

As the central figure in the allegory we will take Prince Arthur, "in whom is sette forth Magnificence in particular which virtue is the perfection of all the rest and containeth in it them all."

This is a virtue that has often been overlooked by those who have the care of youth. They make much of prohibitions, and not enough of noble incitements. They do not picture the good life as a magnificent achievement calling into play all virile powers.

But while Virtue is one it manifests itself in various ways. There is more than one kind of goodness as there is more than one kind of evil. In the soul of man are diverse powers, each called into action by a new emergency. Let us then think of the several virtues as brave knights going each upon a quest of his own, yet uniting at last in Arthur's court.

As each goes forth, he cannot see what will befall him, but he is content to venture. We shall see how they bear themselves as they ride forth wondering but unafraid. Of course we must expect no such well-connected story as is told by those who deal with accomplished facts. "For an historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to things past, and divining of

things to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all."

That this analysis is not to be scientific goes without saying. It will be enough if we see the behavior of virtues like Holiness and Temperance, Chastity and Friendship and Justice when they get into difficulties. We thank the author for taking us into his confidence as he concludes courteously, "Thus much, sir, I have briefly overronne, to direct your understanding to the welhead of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit ye may, as in a handfull, gripe all the discourse which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused."

Let us begin with Holiness; the ardent desire for spiritual perfection, the human capacity for worship and self-denial. What is Holiness like? How shall we picture it to the imagination? It is, we say, a meek virtue. It is like a gray-bearded palmer, with downcast eyes, going along the way to his holy shrine, heedless of the world, and by the world unheeded. We fear that this virtue will not appeal to these gentlemen who had been doing so many magnificent things.

We turn to the first book of the "Faerie

Queene" and read of the Red Crosse Knight, or Holiness.

> A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine
> Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde
> Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
> The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Full jolly knight he seemed and faire did sitt
> As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Upon a great adventure he was bond.

Perhaps this might be enough of the "Faerie Queene" for one day. It would be of little use to go further unless we come to an agreement with the author in regard to the nature of Holiness.

When we consider the spiritual history of man we will come to see that Holiness could not have survived in the struggle for existence if it had not been stronger than we had thought. It was out of the welter of sensual propensities that the aspirations and the reverences of men have emerged. It is only as Humanity has grown strong and self-assertive that it has rebelled successfully against the tyranny of the senses and declared its allegiance to a spiritual power. What "old dints

of deepe woundes" remain! How fierce the struggle has been! What we call the higher life has lifted itself above the brutal impulses which once bore rule. No wonder that Holiness bears himself like a valiant gentleman.

But Holiness does not ride alone.

> A lovely ladie rode him faire beside.

This was Una, the Lady Truth. We see Holiness and Truth riding together into the mysterious forest—

> Foorthe they passe with pleasure forward led
> Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony.

What happens next? That happens in Faerieland which happens here to our constant bewilderment. Holiness and Truth go forth together on untried ways; and they get lost. Led with delight they miss the way.

> They cannot finde that path, which first was showne
> But wander too and fro in waies unknowne.
> . . . . . .
> So many paths, so many turnings seene
> That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

They meet with Error in the form of a dragon, and Holiness in the love of Truth slays it. This is not a hard task, for the knight is expecting

Error to appear in just such monstrous forms. But soon Error appears in the form of an aged man, sober "and very sagely sad," who brings them to a place that seems to be the abode of simple piety.

> A little lowly hermitage it was
> Downe in a dale, hard by the forest's side,
> Far from resort of people who did pas
> In traveil to and froe; a little wyde
> There was a holy chappell edifyde
> Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
> His holy thinges each morne and even-tyde.

They rest unsuspectingly in the hermitage. At midnight the old hermit

> to his studie goes, and there amiddes
> His magick bookes and artes of sundrie kindes
> He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

Under the influence of superstition Holiness comes to believe that Truth is unfaithful, and flees from her.

> The guilefull great enchaunter parts
> The Red Crosse knight and Truth,
> Unto whose stead faire Falshood steps
> And workes him woefull ruth.

It is a story familiar to all who have tried to

follow the history of religion. We follow the Red Cross Knight into the House of Pride, with "its faire windows and delightful bowers" and its doleful dungeons underneath. We see him yielding to the blandishments of the false Duessa, who masquerades as Fidessa, or the Faith. The knight wanders far and at last falls into captivity to the giant of spiritual arrogance. But all the time we feel that there are helpers seeking him through the forest glades.

Truth shall at last find Holiness and restore him to the light of day. But she first must win strength. The Truth that is to win back Holiness must be the truth of action and not the truth of tender reverie. Una finds Prince Arthur the embodiment of magnificent action, and together they seek the captive.

When, after having slain the gaint, they reach the castle, they find the Old Warder Ignorance in charge.

> At last with creeping, crooked pace forth came
> An old old man with beard as white as snow,
> That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame
> And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
> For his eye-sight him fayled long ygo,

And on his armes a bunch of keyes he bore
The which unused rust did overgrow:
These were the keyes of every inner doore
But he could not them use, but kept them yet in store.
. . . . . .
His reverend haires and holy gravitee
The knight much honor'd as beseemed well
And gently askt where all the people bee
Which in that stately building wont to dwell,
Who answered him full soft, *He could not tell.*
. . . . . .
Then asked he which way he in might pas
He could not tell, againe he answered.

Again and again the Prince questioned old Ignaro, but always received the same answer. The giant of spiritual pride had been killed in fair fight, but pious Ignorance could hardly be disposed of in this violent way. At last the Prince does what the gentlemen of the sixteenth century did under the same circumstances; he pushes the old guardian of the place aside.

Then to him stepping, from his armes did take
Those keyes and made himself free enterance.

After many adventures Truth and Holiness are united. They come into the true House of Holiness, which is very different from the House of Spiritual Pride.

This is indeed not the end, for in the Romance of Ethics there is no end. Not once but many times must the Red Cross Knight be separated from Una. Each advance in knowledge must bring a fresh bewilderment to the spiritual nature of man. Even in the hour of reunion, when "swimming in that sea of blissful joy," there come suggestions of a new quest with its partings and wanderings. But this is enough for one book.

> Now strike your sailes, yee jolly mariners
> For we be come unto a quiet rode,
> Where we must land some of our passengers,
> And light this weary vessell of her lode.
> . . . . . .
> On the long voyage, and then againe abroad.

If a committee of good women were looking for a new text-book on Temperance for use in the Public Schools, they might be disappointed in the treatment of the subject in the second book of the "Faerie Queene," Sir Guyon, or Temperance. Indeed, Temperance had not then been confined to the conscientious disuse of alcoholic beverages. It was a virtue of very wide application.

But I should not regard any one as a fit teacher of youth who is not able to grasp Spenser's main

intent and to sympathize with it. He represents Temperance not as a kind of weakness to be protected, but as a kind of strength to be exercised. This is a point of view which we sometimes miss. In our solicitude for the weak whom we would shield from temptation, we forget the needs of those who are naturally strong, and in whom should be kindled an admiration for one of the manliest of the virtues.

Sir Guyon is no weakling. He appears "all armed in harnesse meete." His way leads him by the Idle Lake, through the House of Mammon and the Bower of Blisse. He sees the Gulfe of Greedinesse and the Quicksands of Unthriftyhed and the Whirlpoole of Decay. He sails on wide waters wherein are the Wandering Islands. He is tempted by soft voices and "faire eyes sweet smyling in delight." He hears songs fitted to "allure frail mind to careless ease." Even Scripture is turned against him, and the temptress bids him consider

> The lilly, lady of the flowring field.

Consider how sumptuously she lives with "the flowre deluce her lovely paramoure."

Yet neither spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

Why should he go on "seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?"

Sir Guyon, being no paragon but only a knight-errant, sometimes forgets himself. But when he remembers what he is and whither he is bent, he overcomes temptation. Temperance, it appears, is a form of personal liberty. It is the determination of a strong man to be himself and to go about his own business. The Bower of Blisse may have its attractions, but they must not keep him from his quest.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passed forth and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will, and maystering his might.

It were well to have every boy taught to think of Temperance as something more than a series of prohibitions. It is the effort of a strong man to master his might.

If the believer in romantic ethics has the patience to read on to the fifth book, or the wit to skip to it, he will find something to his advantage.

There he will find Sir Artegall, or Justice. It is not Justice in judicial robes weighing the spent deeds of wrong. Justice fully armed rides forth into the world resolved to prevent crimes against weakness. What weakness needs is strength. With Justice goes Talus, or Power, to execute his will.

His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end,
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould
With which he thresht out falshood and did truth unfould.

Sir Artegall, "who now to perils great for justice sake proceedes," is no sentimentalist. Justice is not merely something to be proclaimed. It is something to be done in the face of opposition.

Whoso unto himselfe will take the skill
True justice unto people to divide
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright
And makes wrong doers justice to deride
Unlesse it be performed with dreadlesse might,
For powre is the right hand of Justice, truly hight.

Sir Artegall has no easy path. It is more diffi-

cult to prevent wrongdoing than to punish, and there is no help from precedent. Wrong takes so many different forms.

Sir Artegall attacks Special Privilege. A cruel Pagan had built his castle by a bridge across which all people who did business must go, and all who passed that way must pay him tribute. Sir Artegall declared that there could be no private ownership of what was by right a public way. In the battle that followed the Pagan was slain, the castle razed, and the evil-gotten goods "scrapt by hooke and crooke" destroyed.

> Sir Artegall undid the evill fashion,
> And wicked customes of that bridge refourmed:
> Which done unto his former journey he retourned.

But he had not gone far when he saw a mighty giant standing on a rock with a huge pair of balances in his hand. Around him flocked an admiring multitude. The giant was telling them that there were no longer any superiorities, and that by his balances he could make things weigh whatever he wished them to weigh.

Special Privilege had been destroyed, now Justice must contend against the unbalanced enthusiasm of the mob. Here was new work for

the sword of Artegall and the iron flail of Talus. On days when there were no great public wrongs to be righted, there were many private wrongs requiring his attention. Doing justice is in a world like this a continuous performance. A knight-errant of less tough fibre would have become querulous when he perceived that his work was never completed. But Sir Artegall had learned to fight his battles one at a time. So as night came on he would let others do the worrying.

> But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight
> That he mote fresher be against the next day's fight.

It is this impression of resilient energy which comes as we watch the adventurers in Faerieland. Each is intent upon his quest and not depressed at its continually changing difficulties. Sir Calidore, or Courtesy, as he sets out, meets Sir Artegall, who is returning.

> Where ye ended have there I begin
> To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde,
> Or good direction how to enter in,
> Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
> In perils strange, in labours long and wide.
> . . . . . .

What is that quest, quoth then Sir Artegall,
That you unto such perils presently doth call?
The Blattant Beast, quoth he, I doe pursew
And through the world incessantly doe chase
Till him I overtake or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how or in what place,
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.

They talk together in the forest and then take courteous leave.

Now God you speed, quoth then Sir Artegall,
And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
For ye have much adoe to deale withall.

"There is no book," said Landor, "so delightful to read in or so tedious to read through as the 'Faerie Queene.'" In this it is like that History of the Moral Struggle of Man, of which it is an "allegory or darke conceit." What is more impossible to read through than the story of the way in which our ethical ideals have struggled for existence during all the ages past? One moral issue succeeds another and then is lost sight of in the moment of its victory. We lose our way among the numberless details.

But how delightful it is to read in! Wherever we dip into the story, in whatever century or

land, we see some hero fighting against great odds for an idea. Each age flings its challenge at the feet of its valiant youth. And in each generation valiant youth takes up the challenge, and the moral life of the world is renewed.

The experience of all the yesterdays cannot enable us to determine the issue of to-day's conflict. We must await the event. With the coming of new ways of thought the Red Cross Knight and Una are again separated. The lover of spiritual beauty is estranged from simple truth. Where may the reconciliation be found? Will our Sir Artegall be strong enough to clear the way of all who have built strongholds across the public road and who take toll of every passer-by? How goes it with Sir Calidore as he chases the Blatant Beast of vulgar manners and brutish desires?

There is the same romantic uncertainty as to what may happen, and the same confidence in the powers that are engaged, as when the adventures began.

We read again, —

> The noble heart that harbours virtuous thought
> And is with child of glorious great intent

Can never rest until it forth hath brought
The eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight.

After all, what matter the mere happenings "in this adventures chauncefull jeopardie"? Whatever happens the restless passion for perfection, the flaming courage, the glorious great intent remain. These bring forth the eternal brood of glory excellent.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDUCATION

"IT takes a newspaper man to get it right," he said, handing me the programme of a play given by an undergraduate fraternity, and a notice of the same in the morning paper. The programme announced the play as "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," while the newspaper stated that the undergraduates had revived the old Elizabethan comedy of "The Merry Devil of Education," once attributed to Shakespeare.

"These youngsters make the most absurd mistakes when dealing with the names of famous people. Perhaps some of them have never heard of me, though they are themselves only one of my pranks. Shakespeare was just the man to write me up."

The Merry Devil balanced himself on the edge of my desk and beamed upon me benevolently. I felt that I had known him all my life. There was nothing of the Mephistopheles about him. The twinkle in his eye was evidence that

he had never been disillusioned. He had found it good to be alive. He seemed to be the incarnation of generations of incorrigible truants who were saying to their schoolmasters, "Educate us if you can."

"I hope you believe in Education," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "I have always been taught to think highly of it."

"So do I," said the Merry Devil, "if it is n't carried too far. My business is to see that it is n't. By the way, have you ever listened to a commencement address on, The Whole Duty of a Scholar in a Democracy; or something of that sort?"

I replied that I had heard a number of such discourses, and that they impressed me as containing sound advice for youth.

"Precisely so. Every June armies of young men and maidens listen to such advice in regard to the duty they owe to the community, and they go forth resolved to practice it. I suppose they would practice it if they knew how."

"But I thought Education meant the knowing how?"

"Now, you might think so if you had n't any

experience with educated people. Let 's see, what is it that a liberal education does for one who has it? It enables him to do whatever he has to do 'justly, skillfully, and magnanimously.' Why, if all your educated young people learned to act in that way there would be a revolution every year. One thoroughly just and magnanimous person can upset a community, if he 's skillful. Just imagine what a million such persons would do if they were let loose on the world at the same time! I don't like to think about it."

But soon the countenance of the Merry Devil cleared and he looked up with a sunny smile.

"Things are n't so bad as they might be, are they? You are not troubled with too many just and magnanimous young people down your way? You have to thank me for that. It 's not that I do not admire high scholarship. I like to see a great scholar who knows his place and keeps in it. I read an article in one of the magazines about a navy yard that can construct the biggest war vessels, but the authorities had forgotten to make a channel deep enough for them to get out. That is the way it ought to be. I like to see intellectual Dreadnoughts whose draught

does not allow them to navigate the home waters. They give the public a respect for scholarship and at the same time do not interfere with any practical interests.

"You see I'm working on conservative lines. All that Our People ask is to be let alone. We want to keep things about as they are, on a sound, healthy, unintelligent basis. We don't believe in removing any fine old abuse, so long as we can get anything out of it. A lot of things are going on for no other reason than that folks don't know any better. Now I'm an optimist and believe that whatever's good for me is the best possible thing for the other fellows who can't help themselves. As long as they don't know any better and don't try to help themselves, affairs run smoothly. The minute they begin to use their minds they make trouble. Have n't you observed the number of 'problems' there are in these days? It's the result of allowing education to go too far. In the good old days there were n't any problems, there were facts. If a hundred people died of a typhoid fever, that was a regrettable fact. And if the next week another hundred died, that was another regrettable fact. But

there were no meddlesome persons who made trouble for the water company. I tell you there 's too much recrimination in these days. There 's a way of educating people that makes them uncharitable. When things go wrong they are likely to blame somebody.

"I actually heard a College President admit, in public, that the aim of his institution was to stimulate intellectual curiosity. Just think of it! If he had said that the aim was to satisfy intellectual curiosity, that would have been all right. Boys will be boys, and college is as good a place as any in which to get over their natural inquisitiveness. If the young fellows are allowed four years in which to sow their intellectual wild oats, they can then settle down as respectable members of society and do no more thinking than other people do.

"But to deliberately stimulate intellectual curiosity! That would be like sending a lot of youngsters with lighted candles to investigate the methods of manufacture in a powder mill. I don't care how much a person knows. I regard that as his misfortune, not his fault. What I object to is that he should *want* to know. It is an un-

comfortable habit of mind. The man who wants to know is never satisfied until he gets at the bottom facts. Now the bottom facts are providentially placed where they are so as not to attract attention. That's where they belong, and they should be kept there. Our People don't like to have unauthorized persons poking about and finding out things that ought not to be known.

"Some of the ablest men of my acquaintance tell me that intellectual curiosity is ruining the country. Curiosity makes a man discover something which he thinks is wrong; and then he tries to do something about it. That's what Our People call hysteria. When people are hysterical, they won't take what we offer them. They want to know whether it's good for them; as if that mattered. It has gone so far that everything is investigated. Now you can't expect able men to give their talents to looking after their own interests if they are meddled with in that way. It distracts their minds. By and by the able men will be discouraged, and instead of developing the great industries they will go to writing books, or painting pictures, or teaching kindergartens, just to pass away the time. And then our industries

will go to ruin, and the Japanese will catch us. A great many able men feel that way, and express themselves very strongly.

"I find the same feeling among those who are being interfered with in politics. A gentleman who has been carrying on the affairs of a great city and receiving no pay but such as came 'on the side' showed me the report of a Bureau of Municipal Research. It was positively insulting. The men who got it up did n't even know what a bureau is. A bureau is a device for getting things done by referring them to another bureau that refers them back. But these fellows got up a bureau for finding out why our bureaus don't work, and why they cost so much. The report was full of figures. We had no objection to that, for we can figure too. But the mischief of it was that these figures were arranged so that you could tell what they meant. It was a bare-faced attempt to gratify intellectual curiosity.

"My friend said that if this thing kept up, he would give up politics in disgust, and live on the interest of what he had already got out of it.

"He said that the whole system of government, as he understood it, consisted in getting

experts to run it. The public is the owner of a high-powered machine; the professional politician is the chauffeur. If the chauffeur wants to take friends out for a 'joy ride,' the owner ought n't to complain. He can't get along without the chauffeur, for he does n't know how to run the machine himself."

"But," I asked, "could n't he learn how?"

"Yes," said the Merry Devil, "I suppose he might, if he took the trouble."

"Then," said I, "I take it that the kind of education you object to is the kind that makes people take the trouble to look into things."

"Precisely," said the Merry Devil, "I hate to see people take the trouble to look into things. It induces the habit of discrimination. Now that is n't healthy. In a state of nature people take everything for granted. Why should n't they? It shows confidence in human nature. I like to see people respectful to their betters. If they allow themselves to ask, 'Are they really our betters?' that is n't respectful. You can't have an aristocracy — not a good comfortable aristocracy — where people ask questions. By the way, have you ever met a Captain of Industry?"

"Yes," I said, "at least that was what the newspapers called him."

"What struck you as his most interesting characteristic?"

"It struck me that he was very rich."

"That is, he had more money, you think, than was good for him?"

"I don't know about that, but he had more than was good for his children."

"Did it ever occur to you," said the Merry Devil, "that it was curious that a captain got so much out of the service as that? Even a major-general does a good deal of hard work for small pay. He can't lay up much. Are you sure that your friend was n't an army contractor instead of a captain?"

"Now that you mention it," I said, "I do think he talked more like an army contractor. I thought, at the time, that he was n't very soldierly, especially when I found that he did n't know anything about his men. He said that all his men are on the other side. He seemed to think that was the normal situation."

The Merry Devil laughed heartily. "Just see where you are coming out, and just because I

asked you two or three questions. You have come to the conclusion that the gentleman you admired was n't a Captain of Industry at all, though the newspapers said he was. It is n't safe to ask questions, unless you are willing to hear the answers.

"When Thomas Carlyle invented that term Captains of Industry, it scared Our People half to death. Carlyle's idea was that the time had come when persons would take up business as one goes into the army. An officer has to think of the army first and himself afterward. If he does n't, he 's cashiered. We were afraid that a large number of youths might be educated in that way. When we saw some of the Captains of Industry who passed without question, we were greatly comforted."

The Merry Devil continued in a more chastened mood. "It is n't merely the person who is looking after his own interests, who should be protected against intellectual curiosity. Disinterested persons who spend their lives in doing good, make the same complaint in regard to certain kinds of education. You know we don't object to people trying to do good, so long as they don't succeed. It serves to keep them busy, and it takes

their minds off themselves. We like to see them move in the line of the least resistance. The easier their good work is for them, the less it interferes with our plans. We like to see righteousness moving in ruts. It 's only when it breaks out in an unexpected place that it 's dangerous. But intellectual curiosity gets people out of their ruts, and sometimes they run wild. Education, if it is n't carefully looked after, is a disturbing influence. It more than doubles the labor, and makes a good man dissatisfied with himself.

" The other day a minister, a worthy man, took me into his confidence, and told me his troubles. He had been gifted with a strong voice and a confident manner, and had acquired a reputation for eloquence. He had by constant practice overcome the timidity which comes to a public speaker when he stops to think whether what he is about to say is worth while. He did not need to stop to think, he was such an easy speaker. He never was at a loss for a word, and would use the words as a life-preserver as he struck out boldly for his next head. He knew that he would always be buoyed up in this way, so that the preparation of his sermons never interfered with his parish calls.

"One day in the midst of a most eloquent passage he observed a man in the back pew with a look of intellectual curiosity in his countenance. He was evidently impressed by the volume of sound, and was trying to find out what it was all about. The minister said that instantly the same thought came to his own mind, and for the life of him he could n't tell what it was about. Unfortunately the man became a regular attendant and always looked interested.

"The minister said that that one parishioner who insists on thinking while he is in church has caused him more mental disquietude than all the others put together. Sometimes a fine illustration is spoiled by seeing the look of inquiry as to what it illustrates. The man in the back pew has changed sermon-making from a pleasure to hard work.

"Now what do you think of an education which makes life harder for good people? When a man is doing his best, it 's taking an unfair advantage of him to raise the standard. It makes him unhappy."

There was such a look of genuine commiseration that for the first time it occurred to me that

my visitor was human, and I had been remiss in my attentions.

"Do take a chair," I said, vaguely.

"No, thanks! I 'll sit on the curb of your inkwell."

"I 'm afraid you may fall in."

"No matter if I do. Ink is my native element."

Then he chatted so pleasantly about the kind of education which he found unobjectionable that I was quite charmed with him. He believed sincerely in what are called "accomplishments," and was willing to have them carried to almost any extent.

"I like," he said, "that good old term 'polite learning.' Now the first rule of politeness is not to contradict. So long as Learning does n't contradict, Our People are willing to treat it liberally and give it things. We don't make any bargain, but of course we expect it to back us up, or at least not to make any trouble. We don't care how long it takes a learned man to come to his conclusions, we are willing to humor him if he wants to use the scientific method, but his conclusions must be sound."

"But what if the facts point the other way?"

"He should be more careful in selecting his facts," said the Merry Devil.

"Would n't it be better," I suggested, "if the learned man did n't come to any conclusion at all?"

"Yes," said the Merry Devil, "and that 's the way I work it whenever I can. You see there are two kinds of science, pure science and applied science. Now pure science would be perfectly harmless if we could keep people from finding it out, and applying it. I tell the professors that they should be more careful and use obscure language wherever possible. Otherwise their pupils will draw conclusions. Sciences like Ethics and Sociology and History and Political Economy ought to be kept pure. I hate to see a man interested in affairs teaching such subjects."

"I suppose," I said, "that you are afraid that the students would come to see that these are affairs that they have to deal with."

"It 's a real danger," said the Merry Devil. "Now I feel a tender affection for Truth. I don't like to see it exposed."

"It seems," I remarked, "that you do not agree with the pragmatic theory that Truth is

something that makes a difference, and that a thing which does n't make a difference is n't true."

"I don't quarrel about words, and if a thing does n't make any difference I don't care whether it 's true or not. I tell Our People that they need n't worry about Education so long as I look after it. I know communities that are full of educated men, and they don't make any difference. Now what 's the harm in it? I have personally conducted parties through all the branches of learning, and they were not in the least affected by it. What I most enjoy is to experiment with a successful self-made man. He is an easy mark and will pay liberally for an educational gold brick. He has made his own way in the world by force of ability and hard work. But when it comes to his son he is the most credulous creature alive. He is ready to believe that something can be had for nothing. When he sends his son to college the last thing he thinks of is that the lad will have to work for all that he gets. He has an idea that a miracle of some kind is about to be performed in the enchanted castle of the Liberal Arts. The boy will have all sorts of things done for him. He will get Mental Disci-

pline, which is a fine thing to have. Certain studies are rich in discipline. If he does n't elect these disciplinary studies he will doubtless get all the Mental Discipline he needs by living in the same town with a number of hard-working professors. Every college which has been a long time on the same spot has Ideals. The youth is supposed to get these Ideals, though he is unconscious of them at the time. In after years they will be explained to him at the class reunions and he will be glad that he absorbed them. Towards the end of his college course he will show signs of superiority to his parents, and there will be symptoms of world-weariness. He will be inclined to think that nothing is quite worth while. That tired feeling is diagnosed as 'Culture.' The undergraduate has become acquainted with the best that has been said and known in the world, and sees that it does n't amount to much after all.

"The fellows who have to work their way have a hard time, but the sons of fortune may be educated with surprisingly little effort. They have so many advantages. I notice the same principle in some of the states where the educational test is pleasantly mitigated by what is called 'the

grandfather clause.' A person with the right kind of grandfather does n't need to labor with the alphabet in order to be allowed to vote. It is assumed that he has certain hereditary qualities which are a good substitute for reading and writing."

"I think that there 's a great deal in heredity," I said.

"Yes," answered the Merry Devil, "there 's a great deal more in it than seems to come out."

He then explained how he gained the confidence of the student and made his college days one long, bright dream.

"He spends four care-free years without being troubled by a serious thought. When the time is up I make use of the psychological method of suggestion. I suggest to him that now he has an education. And he does n't know but he has, — he has been exposed to it.

"The very elaboration of our educational scheme makes it easier for me to circumvent the educators. It was different with the ancient Persians, who taught their youth to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth. It was hard to sophisticate so simple a curriculum. You could tell what an

educated man could do. If he habitually tumbled off his horse, and missed the mark, and told lies, you knew that he had n't been educated. But nowadays you can't tell what turn a man's education may have taken.

"Only the other day I met a man who seemed to me the most unintelligent person I had met in many a month. I tried him on all sorts of subjects of common interest, and could not get the slightest response. There seemed to be a lack of sympathetic imagination and a singular aversion to general ideas. I soon learned the reason. He was about to take the last degree, which was to cut him off forever from the unlearned world. He had passed through a terrible ordeal and had for a year or two been subjected to cruel and unusual knowledge. He had taken a Trappist vow of silence upon all subjects unconnected with his Thesis, 'Some Minor Mistakes in Algonkian Etymology.' He was reduced almost to a shadow because he was afraid that the mistakes he had discovered were n't small enough. He must find some mistakes that everybody else had overlooked, in order to prove his capacity for Original Research."

"That seems reasonable enough," I said. "I suppose that he intends to go into original research as his life work, and that is excellent discipline for him. It is a great thing to have a part in the Advancement of Science."

"Advancement of Science! Fiddlesticks!" said the Merry Devil, "he is n't going in for any more research after he finishes his thesis. What he wants to do is to teach in a good school, and people have the idea that an infallible test is the capacity for Original Research."

"But I should think that teaching half-grown boys was quite different; indeed involved almost exactly the opposite methods and talents. The capacity which the ordinary teacher most needs is that of making the rudiments interesting. He is not intent on finding something new, but it is his business to communicate ideas that are the common property of mankind. I should think that, after spending several years in minute study of some unfrequented bypath, he would not be very well fitted to conduct boys upon the main road, and make them interested in it. It would seem to me that he might lose something of the sense of proportion, which, after all, is quite an

essential thing. Would n't it have been better to have spent the time in getting a strong grasp upon the most essential things, so that he could thoroughly humanize and idealize what he had to teach?"

"You don't understand," said the Merry Devil. "The important thing is to set a high standard."

Then he began to dance about the room, singing, —

> "Hi Diddle Diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
> The cow jumped over the moon.

"That was a high standard for the cow. It showed what she could do, even if she never tried to do it again. I suppose you may ask whether it added to her value as a plain family cow. Perhaps not, but it was interesting as a sporting proposition. From my point of view there is a great advantage in having the ambitious scholar avoid the habitable parts of the earth, and spend a few years in some arid spot. A little of this aridity gets into his manner. A schoolmaster who has kept to the main road is likely to seize upon the salient points, and to show the relations of one thing to another. Such a person is likely to have an undue influence over boys. They might be-

come as enthusiastic over scholarship as over football. Before you know it, you would be back to the puritanical ideas of Milton of a school where there are 'such Lectures and Explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, enflamed with the study of Learning, and the admiration of Virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy Patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.' All the time the schoolmaster would be 'infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men.' Does n't that sound hysterical? Just think of inflaming them with the study of learning! I say it 's the business of the teacher to cool them off. It all comes back to the talk about learning to do things, not only skillfully but magnanimously. Is that what you want to encourage in schools that cost good money?"

"Magnanimity," I said, "is an excellent quality."

"There you are wrong," said the Merry Devil. "Magnanimity is not a quality, it 's a quantity, as you ought to know. It is, literally, big-minded-

ness. There is something vulgar about bigness. A neat little mind is much more pleasing to a person of taste. If a man's mind is bigger than his business, it's awkward for him. It gets him into all sorts of trouble. He's always seeing the other side, and going against his own interests. He gets himself so mixed up with the mass of mankind that sometimes he loses the chance to get ahead. And when he does get an idea into his head it's hard to control him. You can't stop a magnanimous man by telling him that he will probably get hurt if he goes on. It's hard to understand his motives. My business is to keep magnanimity from getting too much of a start. I begin early. There is a great deal of magnanimity in small children. They go about with notions that are several sizes too large for them. Whenever I catch a youngster acting from a magnanimous motive I put a little pusillanimous motive in its place. It acts like a charm. Parents and teachers like it because it makes discipline easier. They see results, and that's what they want. Of course there are other results that they don't see.

"Did you ever see," he continued, "a small

boy helping his father in the garden? If the father has a large spade and a wheelbarrow the boy wants a little spade and a tiny wheelbarrow, so that he can help. It's a privilege to be allowed to work for the family. You perhaps know Tennyson's little poem called 'Wages.' He says that all that heroes ask is 'the wages of going on.' That sounds very magnanimous, — in a man. Almost all boys are like that to begin with. All they ask is the wages of going on, with people whom they admire and in something that seems to be worth while. Just think what a state of things there would be if they acted that way when they grew up!

"I suggest to the father that he had better pay the boy for all the little services which he had been doing for the love of it. In a little while the lad loses his magnanimous ways and drives a sharp bargain whenever he is sent on an errand. This pleases the father, for he knows now that his son will be able to hold his own. I work the same plan in school. There are all sorts of ways of taking the spirit out of a child. Nagging is one way, but foolish little rewards are often more effective. He can resent a punishment, but he

cannot resent a reward of merit that he does n't want and that he knows he does n't deserve. He can only feel morally awkward at what is evidently an anti-climax. How would you feel if you had done a moderately heroic act, and the person whom you had rescued were to put his hand in his pocket and say, 'Here, my good man, is a silver dollar, — it is no more than you deserve.' Children are treated that way all the time — and some of them learn to like it. Even in college you may see the student — a grown man — still working for 'marks.' He has not come to the point where he works for the 'wages of going on.'"

"In that case he does n't go on," I said.

"No," said the Merry Devil, "not after he gets his diploma."

The conversation drifted from one phase of the subject to another. I noticed that as long as we talked of systems and methods the Merry Devil retained his jaunty air. He was an old hand at finding the weak points in the best inventions. But when we came to mention the names of certain teachers, I thought I detected "a lurking trouble in his nether lip." There was

evidently a personal element which he could not easily deal with.

"In spite of all your efforts," I said, "I predict that you will be beaten at last. The business of training citizens for a democracy has just begun. Educational ideals have thus far been largely dominated by aristocratic preconceptions. The aim has been to train the few to rule the many, or at least to escape from vulgar contact with those beneath them. Education has been the badge of a superior class.

"Such education was morally superficial. It invited pedantry. But to those who take democracy seriously education becomes at once the most difficult and the most necessary part of statesmanship. Its aim is to enable the many to govern themselves and to realize the possibilities of their own nature. This is the affair not of the pedant but of the patriot. To me the significant thing is the power that lies in the personality of the teacher and which exerts an influence on the whole character. Now I can tell you of a born teacher who—"

"Oh," said the Merry Devil, holding up his hands, "I never claimed to be a match for a born teacher."

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